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A Lyric.

The cultured flowers in gardens bloom
And scatter wide their rich perfume
For the merry careless soul;
The rose, the lily, mignonette,
Geraniums, the purple violet,
And the raddy marigold.

But many a little wayside flower
Has had a sweet persuasive power
To cheer the pensive mind:
The asphodel, the golden rod,
The daisy blooming on the sod,
And nodding in the wind.

Beside the path of life are strown
Some flowers that we have never known
Or heeded as we passed;
They shed their fragrance, fold their leaves
As though some inward spirit grieves,
Such sweetness cannot last.

Songs Unsung.

'Tis not the harp's wild string alone,
Whose music charms the ravished breast;
The thought of a remembered tone,
The singing of a bird that's flown,
Oft fill us with a deep unrest
Which music's most consummate art
Can never waken in the heart.

Within the master's teeming brain
What chord has swelled, what anthem striven,
Struggled for utterance in vain,
Cried out for life, but died again
Unknown but to its native heaven;
And left the mourning sons of earth
To find above its perfect birth!

Within each separate human soul
Live melodies that sweeter are
Than those which solemn organs roll,
Or silver-tongued singers troll,
Or morning star cries out to star;
But, chilled by the dark world's eclipse,
They die before they reach the lips.

CLOVER.

Bessie Moore was out in her father's pasture, back of the barn, picking blackberries, when she was startled by the blast of a horn. A look of anxiety came over her sweet face as she ran quickly and climbed the fence to see if Mr. Thyson, the "meat-man," who blew his horn twice a week to announce his coming, was to stop. She watched the horses climbing the hill; and when she saw her mother come to the back door and swing a towel she threw herself on the ground and sobbed as though her heart would break. She knew full well that it was not to buy meat that her mother had signaled for Mr. Thyson to stop, for, although she was but ten years old, she was aware of the fact that there was no money with which to buy it. Oh, no! She realized that the event she had been dreading so long was to happen now—that her pet calf, Clover, her only playmate, so white and so fond of her, was to be sold. Week after week she had heard her parents discuss the subject of selling Clover, but week after week they had heard the butcher's horn blow and had let the wagon go by. But affairs had been coming to a crisis lately. Her father, who had been sick all summer, was still too feeble to work, and the small stock of money he had saved was rapidly going. She knew that he could not afford to feed the calf through the winter, and she knew that Mr. Thyson wanted her and had offered a large price for her. Mr. Thyson was a man who wanted to possess all the rarest specimens of cattle, and he had been very anxious to buy this calf, which was said to be the handsomest creature in color and shape, ever seen in Loudoun county. He was a selfish man, withal, and was very ready to take advantage of Mr. Moore's misfortunes to get her. He was known throughout the county as a man who always got the best of a bargain, who thought more of making money than of anything else, and who never worried himself about his neighbors' troubles or felt it his duty to share or relieve them. He had one child, a boy about fourteen years old, named Tom, and he was determined if possible, to teach him to be as shrewd in business matters as himself; but so far Tom had not shown much progress in that direction. He often went with his father as he rode through the country with his meat, and was advised by him to "watch sharp," for he would soon be old enough to take the business himself. And Tom did "watch sharp," and his large brown eyes grew moist with tears to see his father take Bessie's calf away, for he knew how Bessie loved Clover, and that it was only necessity that made Mr. Moore sell her. Meantime Bessie had climbed the pasture fence and crept quietly behind the barn, where, through a big crack, she saw and heard all that passed. Then, as the wagon turned to go out of the yard, she went back, and, running across the pasture with all her might, climbed the fence on the other side, ran along the road to the corner which she knew the wagon must pass, and waited for it. As she saw it coming she waved her hand for it to stop, and in a trembling voice cried:

"Oh, please stop a minute. I want to ask you something."

Mr. Thyson drew up his horses, wondering what child it was in such apparent distress, for he didn't recognize Bessie at first, as, in her haste to reach the turn in the road before the wagon came along, she had fallen down in the dust, and then, wiping her tears with her stained hands, had smeared her face so as to be hardly recognizable. Her long, flaxen hair was blowing in every direction, and her hat was lying on the other side of the pasture fence, where it had fallen when she climbed over.

"Oh, please, *please*, Mr. Thyson," she screamed, "you won't kill my calf, will you?"

"Father," said Tom, "that's Bessie Moore. Why, Bessie, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I am so afraid your father will kill my Clover. You don't know how I love her, and I can't help crying;" and here the poor child broke down, and sobbed bitterly. Then, as she saw Mr. Thyson draw up the reins to start, she continued:

"Perhaps if papa gets well he can buy her back, you know. So you won't kill her, will you?"

"No, no, child; I won't kill her. She's too pretty to kill. I will take good care of her, and you can come and see her whenever you want to."

"Then I guess I can stand it better. I came out here so that papa could not see me cry, for that would make him worse. I knew I should cry when I said 'good-by' to Clover." And sure enough, when the horses started her tears started again too, and there she stood in the dusty road, weeping and watching the wagon until it disappeared behind the next hill.

"Queer," said Mr. Thyson, as they drove along, "that she should feel so. Well, I can't help it. If I hadn't bought her somebody else would. Well, it's the way of the world. It don't do to give way to your feelings for little things like this, you know, Tom. If you do you will never get ahead. They couldn't afford to keep her and had to sell her, and that's all there is about it."

But if it was "all there was about it" it made him very uncomfortable. In spite of all his reasoning he couldn't help thinking how easily he could spare feed enough from the loads of hay and stacks of grain with which his barns would soon be overflowing to keep the calf for a time. How happy that would make Bessie, and how it would lighten her parents' hearts! He couldn't get the sick countenance of Mr. Moore out of his mind, or the tired, worn face of his wife, or, more than all, little Bessie standing alone in the dusty turnpike, watching him as he took away the only pet and playmate she had.

It annoyed him, and it was something new for him to be annoyed in this way. He was glad when he found himself approaching another farm-house, and if he blew a louder blast than usual on his horn, nobody but himself knew that it was to give vent, if possible, to emotions that were getting too strong for him to manage.

Tom was very quiet all the way home. He seemed to be thinking very deeply about something, but when, occasionally, he did speak, it was sure to be some innocent remark about Bessie or her father, which only gave his father's conscience a fresh prick and served to irritate him still more. So by the time they got home he was, as his wife said, "dreadful grouty."

As they were sitting at supper that evening, Tom burst out suddenly:

"Father, would you sell that calf?"

"Yes, and be glad to get rid of her, if I can get my price."

"Well, I'd like to buy her if I've got money enough in my bank."

"You! What do you want of her?"

"Oh! something. Will you sell her to me?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Yes, you may have her for ten dollars, just what I paid."

"And do exactly as I please with her, father?"

His father hesitated. He suspected what Tom was going to do, and he saw a difficulty in it for him. However, he replied, at last:

"Yes, Tom, you may buy her and do exactly as you please with her, upon one condition; and that is, if by buying her you get yourself into a hard scrape you will work yourself out of it without help."

Mr. Thyson thought, by binding Tom to that promise that he should have a good chance to teach him a valuable lesson in shrewdness and foresight about making a bargain.

Tom readily promised, for he couldn't imagine what scrape he could possibly get into by buying Clover. So the bargain was soon concluded and the money paid.

Meantime, Bessie had dried her tears and gone home, trying very hard to be cheerful; but as soon as she had eaten her supper she crept up to her little bed and sobbed herself to sleep. The next morning she felt braver, and thought she would try very hard to forget Clover. Her father usually lay on a lounge by the sitting-room window through the day, and for several mornings Clover had been in the habit of coming there and putting her head in to be caressed. So Bessie made a point of getting a basket of fresh clover-blossoms, with which her father would feed the calf while Bessie and her mother were at breakfast. But the morning after Clover left Bessie sat down to the table with a heavy heart, for she missed Clover then more than ever. She had hardly taken a mouthful, though, before her father called out—

"Bessie, just bring me a basket of clovers, won't you? Clover wants her breakfast."

Bessie sprang from her chair with a bound, exclaiming, "Why, papa, you've forgotton! Clover's gone!"

But no! there was her sweet, white face peering in at the window, and there holding her by a cord stood Tom Thyson, his face covered with smiles.

"Why, Tom!" screamed Bessie "did she run away?"

"No, I bought her of father, and now I'm going to give her back to you. She's yours again, now. Good-by;" and before Bessie could express her thanks Tom was gone.

Now, although the return of the calf brought great joy to Bessie, it brought equal concern to her parents, for the question arose how Clover could be fed. Mr. Thyson had foreseen that difficulty from the first, but Tom, in his eagerness to get the calf back to Bessie, had not thought of it. Mr. Thyson said nothing, though. He thought he would see how Tom would manage.

Toward night Bessie's father called her to him and told her that although Tom was very kind and thoughtful to bring Clover back, she couldn't stay, for he had not feed enough to keep her through the winter, and no money to buy any. So the next morning Bessie started to carry her back to Tom. It was two miles away, but it was a lovely morning, and Bessie enjoyed the walk very much. Tom saw her before she reached the house and ran to meet her.

"I know you've brought her back," said he, laughing heartily, "because you haven't any feed for her. I forgot she would have to eat, but don't you worry, Bess. You shall have this calf for yours, if you have to wait till she is a cow," and then they both laughed to think she wouldn't be much of a calf by that time. "But, you see," he added, "I'm in a scrape, whether I give her to you or keep her myself, for I haven't any feed for her either, and it never will do to ask father for any. But I'll manage it somehow before to-morrow. I'll go to bed soon after supper and think it out." So Bessie left the calf, and Tom took part of what money he had and went to his father to buy some feed for her. He was determined not to ask him to give him any, and his father was pleased to see that Tom was sticking to his promise not to ask his help.

The next morning he said to his father:

"Father, have you anything you could hire me to do this winter? I am going to carry the calf back again this morning. I am not going to give this job up, now that I've started. So I am going to earn money enough to feed her this winter myself."

"Ah! So you are going to work the calf's board, are you? Well, if you want to take Jim's place here you can earn her board and something beside. You could do his work before and after school if you were smart and got up early."

"Well, I'll take it and try. I'd like to buy feed enough now to keep her this week, and after this I can earn it and carry it over."

His father smiled at Tom's business-like way, and thought to himself, "Well, I am teaching Tom a good lesson, that's a fact. He'll get sick enough of his bargain before spring, but it will do him good."

Tom filled his hand-cart with the feed, and tying the rope around Clover's neck, started again to carry her back. I don't know what the people along the road thought to see the calf going back and forth so often. But Tom didn't care. He kept straight on and carried the calf to Bessie's door.

"Here she is, Bess, and here's enough to feed her one week, anyway, and I'll see that she has enough all winter, unless I get sick, and I don't feel very sick now. Don't catch me backing out of this scrape. No, sir-ee!"

All winter, Tom was up betimes in the morning, fed and watered the cattle, groomed the horses, and did whatever was required. He carried Clover's feed over every week or two, and never once complained. His father watched him curiously, and every week congratulated himself on the good lesson he was teaching him.

At last spring came. The tender grass began to sprout, and Clover could keep herself, from the pastures and meadows. The farmers were all plowing and harrowing, and getting the ground ready for planting. Everybody was busy, and in a hurry, as usual. Mr. Moore was improving, but was still very weak. His affairs looked very discouraging to him, and his depressed state of mind did much to retard his recovery. He had bought the farm where he was living only the spring before, after the planting season was over, expecting to earn enough by his trade, that of a carpenter, through the following seasons to enable him to buy seed and to thoroughly plant the whole place in the spring. Instead of that, he was taken sick soon after he bought it, and had been obliged to sell his stock to get money to live upon. And now, right in the busy season, when every hour seemed worth a day at any other time, he was sick, with no money to buy seed or the necessary farming implements, or to hire the needed help. With his mind overwhelmed with discouragement, he sat, one evening, in the door-way of his house, and looked hopelessly on his still unemployed land. At the same time Mr. Thyson was riding slowly along, having made an unusually good trip with his meat, and was reviewing in his mind with great satisfaction the prosperous condition of his affairs. As he passed he saw Mr. Moore sitting there, and noticed that he looked very pale and worried. A feeling of sympathy took strong hold of him, and he was tempted to stop and have a talk with him, but those fields, waiting to be plowed and sown, spoke to him so plainly and reproachfully that he concluded he would better bow and go along.

"I'm sorry for Moore," he said to himself; "that's a fact. I'd be glad to give him a lift, but I've got my own family to look out for. If I had always given way to my feelings I wonder where I should be now. Oh, no! no; it will never do. No!"

But as he drew up to his own house, the sight of his broad acres so carefully planted, and the neat, thrifty appearance of all the surroundings, did not give him the feeling of satisfaction he was enjoying before he met Mr. Moore. As he went into the kitchen where his wife was getting supper, he said, glancing out of the window at Tom, who was having a grand frolic with his dogs:

"It does me good to see Tom playing. He has had a hard winter of it. But I'm glad I let him go through it. It has taught him a lesson he will never forget, I guess."

"Yes, I think very likely," gently answered his wife; "but I have thought many times, father, that Tom was teaching a more important lesson than the one he was learning. But come, supper's ready." She then stepped to the door and called Tom, and the subject was not continued. As Tom came in breathless from play, his father remarked:

"That's better fun than working Clover's board and carrying it over to her, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. But I'm afraid if Mr. Moore doesn't hurry up and plant Clover will be marching back here in spite of me, next fall. I wish I was a rich man. I'll bet I'd make things look different over there in no time."

Mr. Thyson made no reply, but finished his supper, and went out into the yard, where he stood leaning on the fence, apparently in deep thought. As Bill, his head man on the farm, came along, he stopped him, and they had a quiet talk together.

Meantime Mr. Moore had gone into his house, utterly unable to throw off the gloomy thoughts which filled his mind. He saw no way out of his difficulties. The faith and hope which had kept him up till now seemed gone. He went to bed early, but did not sleep for hours. Toward morning, however, he fell into a deep sleep. His wife quietly darkened the room and left him. The sun was several hours high when he drew aside the curtains to look out. What a sight met his eyes! Men were plowing, harrowing and shouting to their horses. Part of the ground was already prepared for planting, and there, in the barn doorway, sat Tom and Bessie, cutting potatoes and chattering like blackbirds.

"What does it mean, mother? What does it mean?" said he, as he opened the kitchen door.

"It means, father, that the dawn has come. 'Twas very dark, you know last night. Those are Mr. Thyson's men!"

"Thyson's men! Thyson's men! Why! I don't understand."

"Well, nor I, and the men say that they don't know what has come over him either. But he told Bill to take men and horses, and come over here and plant whatever you wanted, and he'd provide the seed; and they are working like beavers, I tell you."

The next afternoon, when the horn was blown, Mr. Moore was waiting at his gate. As the wagon came along, Mr. Thyson saw him, and didn't feel at all like just bowing and passing on. No! he felt like stopping, shaking hands and getting out to see how his men were doing.

"God bless you, sir," said Mr. Moore. "You have given me the best medicine I've had. I believe it's going to save my life. I don't know how to thank you, but I know I feel like a new man."

"So do I, friend Moore. So do I. But don't thank me. It's all Tom's doing. I thought I was teaching him a great lesson, but, bless you! he was teaching me a greater one, all the time. Well, the Lord has great surprises in store for us, sometimes, hasen't He?" And, with a fervent shake of the hand, Mr. Thyson got back into his wagon and drove home.

From that time, Mr. Moore's health steadily improved, and from that time also, Mr. Thyson was another man. It was the beginning, but not the end, of his kind deeds.

A few years later, when Tom and Bessie commenced housekeeping on their own account, and Clover lowed contentedly in her new home, Tom remarked, with a merry laugh:

"You see, father, I was longer-headed than you thought. 'Twas all in the family after all."

The Boy Had Him.

On a street car yesterday the actions of one of the passengers attracted the closest attention of a boy about twelve years of age. The man first blew one side of his nose, and then the other. Then he took a handkerchief from one pocket and wiped the right hand side of his nose, and deliberately put that away and pulled out another and wiped the left hand side. The action pleased the boy immensely, and he watched every movement of the man, who next took from his right hand pocket a stick of gum, put it in the right hand side of his mouth, and then served the left side the same way. He chewed on the right, then on the left, and the boy's eyes hung out like pillows in a broken window. The man soon got rid of the gum and took two chews of tobacco from two separate boxes, and noticing how closely the boy was watching him he said:

"Boy, do you know me?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "but I'll bet you my velocipede agin a cent that you can't drink out of two jugs at once!"

The man hauled the half of an orange out of one pocket, and the other half out of another pocket, and tendered them to the boy as a token of admiration.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Railroad "Savings Banks."

Railroad savings banks are the very latest financial venture, says the Omaha (Neb.) *Bee*. The Denver & Rio Grande and the A., T. & S. F. railroads have started out to act as savings banks for their employees. They issue "interest pay checks" in the form of drafts or orders on the treasurer or paymaster for $50 and $25, to bear interest at four per cent. per annum if not presented for four months, and at five per cent. per annum if not presented for eight months, but to be cashed without interest if presented at an earlier date.

RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK.

Some of the Schemes for Rapid Traveling—An Arcade Railway, a Moving Sidewalk and a Pneumatic Railway.

Rapid transit in New York has become a certainty, one of the two lines which were started last winter being partially completed. *Appleton's Journal* has an article devoted to a description of the various schemes proposed to solve the vexatious problem of how the people living in the upper part of the city could get down to their business places in quicker time than by the horse cars. Some of these schemes for relief were more ingenious than practicable. Among the plans proposed at various times for the expeditious conveyance of passengers, that of the Arcade railway was the most ambitious, the most attractive and the least feasible. A new street was to be constructed thirty feet below the present level of Broadway, forming new fronts to all the basements of the buildings. The sewers and gas-pipes were to be sunk below the level of the new roadbed, and an artificial roadway was to be way, and an artificial roadway was to be constructed on the level of the old street —the supports being hollow iron pillars, which were also to serve as drains. There were to be clean, dry, and spacious footpaths at each side of the arcade, and the middle was to be filled by four railway tracks, two for passengers and two for freight. The upper sidewalk was to be partly formed of glass bull's eyes, which would admit an abundance of light into the lower street, where umbrellas would be unknown or superfluous in the rainest weather, and where the climate would always be equable and salubrious. Is it necessary to state the advantages claimed for this fascinating plan by its audacious projectors? It would add a new story to the entire length of Broadway: double the walking capacity of the street; quadruple the carrying capacity; and enable the trains of the Hudson River railway to deliver passengers and freight as far down town as the Battery. Furthermore, the rental of seventeen hundred stores would be increased at least two thousand dollars each, the aggregate of which amount alone would pay ten per cent. interest on a capital three times as great as the calculated cost of the work, which was twenty million dollars. But the Arcade Railway, like many other schemes of equal brilliancy, never secured a firmer foundation than the specifications of its ingenious inventor.

The Pneumatic railway gave more substantial proof of its practicability, however, and a tunnel three hundred feet long was excavated under Broadway, southward from Warren street, where the proposed car and the great blower could be seen in operation. The tunnel was eight feet in diameter, and built of solid masonry, parts being lined with iron plates; and the atmosphere was dry and pure.

It was constructed without any disturbance of the surface of the street, by means of a strong cylindrical shield, open at both ends, which was propelled by hydraulic rams, the loosened sand and stone falling through the rear of the shield, and the tunnel being immediately afterward arched with masonry. The car fitted the tunnel—had seats for eighteen passengers, and was illuminated and comfortably upholstered. It was propelled like a sailboat before the wind, by a strong blast of air forced against the rear by an immense steam blowing-machine. Nothing more smooth in the way of locomotion than the pneumatic plan could be imagined. You descended from the ever- busy and noisy Broadway into a cool and quiet reception-room some thirty feet below the level of the thoroughfare, and the car—which had the shape of a horseshoe—was ready for you with sliding doors at the ends, seats at each side, and a lamp overhead. Being seated, you heard a noise like the approach of a squall at sea, the doors were closed, and with a slight tremor the car moved out of the station and was shot through the length of the tunnel, where it was stopped and drawn back again. There were to be an up-tunnel and a down-tunnel, and it was claimed that ten cars a minute could be dispatched. Its inventor having spent some sixty or seventy thousand dollars, however, the Pneumatic railway was practically abandoned, though it was kept open for some time as a public exhibition; and the tunnel is now used as a shooting gallery.

A quite unique plan was proposed by Mr. Alfred Speer, of New Jersey, which consisted of a perpetually-moving elevated train or belt of platforms moving up one side of the street and down the other. This was commonly known as the "traveling sidewalk," which was a good descriptive name for it. The track was to be supported by fancy iron pillars, fourteen feet high, ranged along the curbstone, and the platform was to project about four feet over the sidewalk and the same distance over the roadway. The structure was to be reached by commodious and ornamental stairways at the corners of all intersecting streets, where there would be gates in the pretty iron railing surrounding it.

Let us suppose that the traveling sidewalk is an accomplished thing—not merely the unexecuted design that it is —and that we wish to avail ourselves of its advantages in going from the City Hall to Union Square. Having ascended the stairs at Chambers street corner, we stand upon a little platform and, looking up Broadway, see an endless flooring, raised on massive pillars, moving down the west side of the thoroughfare and up the east side. It resembles a viaduct, and is traveling at the unvaring speed of ten miles an hour. Nearly as many people are upon it as upon the sidewalk below—some are walking southward and others northward, and presuming that their pace is four miles an hour, they make, with the added speed of the platform, fourteen miles an hour; some are seated on benches and others in cabins, like ordinary railway cars, erected on the platform. The constant flow of the promenaders lends the surface of the structure an animated appearance; it is surrounded by a stationary iron railing, with gas-lamps, upheld by branches from the pillars, and, while the passengers can shelter in the cabins during inclement weather, they can enjoy the fresh air and the briskness of the street below in fine weather. The greatest advantage of the plan is that, as there are no intervals, there is no waiting, and, having signaled one of the conductors, we are almost immediately admitted to the platform-train by one of the transfer cars, the train never ceasing to move mellifluously or to slacken its speed. These transfer-cars seat eight persons, and have four wheels with independent axles so arranged that they can be stopped at any of the stations without detention to the main structure; before our admittance to which, our fares are collected. The cabins, or drawing-rooms, contain toilet apartments, with female attendants for ladies, and smoking and reading rooms are provided for gentlemen.

What a dream of Mr. Alfred Speer's this was, and what a benefactor he might have been, had it ever taken a tangible shape! There were to be no noise and no obstruction whatever in the street. The motive power was to proceed from stationary engines placed below ground one mile apart and acting upon shafting through iron pillars. Instead of an endless chain, friction-rollers were to be used, and each of the engines was to have one-third more power than necessary, which was to be utilized by the others when one became disabled. The very novelty of the project evoked the derision of the untechnical public, but at least one competent engineer avowed his belief in its practicability; and, though Mr. Speer may be disappointed in the discouragement he met with, he has the silent satisfaction that belongs to all real inventors, of nurturing a bold, well-meant, and picturesque device, the failure of which takes from the profits but not from the honor of his efforts.

The Cat.

The cat was the animal selected in the middle ages of superstition and witchcraft, to represent the familiar companion in which was embodied the evil spirit supposed to attend all those who practiced the black art in former times. Long before this time, however, as some people are probably aware, the cat was one of the most highly favored animals living; petted, pampered, carefully protected, and actually worshiped by the then most civilized people in the world, the ancient Egyptians. How this reverence came to be paid to the cat in particular by this extraordinary people it is quite impossible to determine, but by some it is supposed to have originated from the benefits conferred on mankind by its destruction of vermin and reptiles; at any rate, if the Egyptian cats were as useful as they are represented to have been, the care of them is easily accounted for. Though it seems somewhat difficult to understand how the sportsmen of the Nile trained their cats, not only to hunt game, but to retrieve it from the water, the hunting scenes depicted on the walls at Thebes, and on a stone now in the British Museum, afford proof of the Egyptian cat's services in this respect.

It is generally supposed that nothing will induce a cat to enter water; but this is clearly a fallacy, like many other popular notions about the animal world. The tiger is an excellent swimmer, as many have found to their cost; and so the cat, another member of the tiger family, can swim equally well if it has any occasion to exert its powers, either in quest of prey or to effect its escape from some enemy. As cats are exceedingly fond of fish, they will drag them alive out of their native element whenever they get a chance. They have even been known to help themselves out of aquaria that have been left uncovered, and on moonlight nights they may be seen watching for the unwary occupants of a fish-pond, during the spawning season especially. Again, a cat will take to the water in the pursuit of a rat, a fact that was proved by a friend of ours a few years ago.

Diana or Pasht, as that goddess was called in Egypt, was the tutelary deity of cats. Various reasons are assigned for this curious selection of the cat as the animal worthy of being dedicated to the moon. We find that according to Plutarch, the cat was not only sacred to the moon, but an emblem of it; and that a figure of a cat was fixed on a sistrum to denote the moon, just as a figure of a frog on a ring denoted a man in embryo.

As before stated, the Egyptians treated these animals with unusual care and attention during their lifetime; hence it is not surprising to find that the death of a cat was regarded as a family misfortune, in consequence of which the household went into mourning. The willful destruction of a cat in Egypt is looked upon as a very serious offence even now; but in the good old days (for cats) at Bubastis the offence, even supposing it to have been accidental, was punished with prompt severity.

Wind Locomotion on Land.

It is curious to note that while to the railroads is owing the abandonment of the wind carriage (formerly seen by travelers in China, Spain and Holland), to the same agency it now seems likely that its rejuvenation will be due. Wind vehicles are already in use on the long stretches of tracks which extend over the Western prairies, and the speed attained is said to rival that of the fast express train. One which has been in use on the Kansas Pacific railroad for the past three years was devised by Mr. C. J. Bascom. The vehicle is said to average a speed of thirty miles per hour, and, with a strong breeze, to travel at the rate of forty miles in the same period. This last speed was reached with the wind right abeam. A distance of eighty-four miles has been passed over in four hours, the car sailing part of this time close hauled and over disadvantageously curved track.

The vehicle has four wheels, each thirty inches in diameter; is six feet in length, and weighs 600 pounds. The sail has two booms, respectively fourteen and fifteen feet in length, and an area of about eighty-one square feet. The mast is eleven feet high, tapering from four inches square at the heel to two inches at the truck.

It will be obvious that many of the laws applying to the iceboat apply equally well to the sailing car. A little consideration will show that when the latter is sailing at forty miles per hour it is traveling faster than the wind that impels it, and this is constantly the case in iceboat sailing. On the other hand, iceboats always sail best close hauled; in fact, the sheet is almost constantly kept flat aft. The sailing car, as stated above, goes fastest with the wind directly on the beam or side. Of course the difference is due to the greater resistance offered by the larger and more elevated surfaces of the car body and its occupants, and to the friction of the axle journals, which probably, under ordinary condition, is sufficient to prevent the sailing car ever attaining the iceboat's speed.—*Scientific American.*

Japanese Fires and Firemen.

A writer on Japan says: Yeddo (now known as Tokio) is a city of fires. Nine houses out of ten is built almost entirely of wood, and in the business and poorer portions of the city the dwellings are packed close together. Of all people on earth the Japanese are careless of fire. Even in the open ports of Japan no American or European house owner can insure his property unless he stipulates in the policy that the fires shall not be made or attended by Japanese servants. Everything helps a fire in Yeddo, especially the fire department. This last named honorable body consists of forty-eight companies of about 1,400 men in all. The fire extinguishing apparatus consists of tubs, buckets and pumping machines, carried on the shoulders of two men. These machines are simply boxes holding about six gallons of water, and filled constantly with water carried in buckets from wells. Two men work the pump, which has no air chamber. It throws an intermittent palpitation of water, about twelve feet high, and of a bore equal to the hole in a spool. I could not say how many horse-power such a machine is, but if I measured by the amount of water one could squirt from his mouth, I should declare it equal to five man-power.

The firemen of Yeddo wear thick suits, helmet and gloves of quilted hempen cloth. On arriving at a fire they souse themselves with buckets of water, or jump into a tubful and emerge dripping. They are now ready for a fight. Those who do not bring or throw water carry a hook of steel to tear down the neighboring houses. Nearly all Japanese fires are put out by taking away their fuel, rather than by throwing enough water directly on the flames.

A Leopard Hunt.

A traveler in South Africa describes the following adventure: With a slack rein I rode! the dogs were clustered around me, for the heat of the afternoon and want of water had commenced to tell upon them, when up sprang the largest leopard that I had ever seen, and at an easy canter, grunting at every stride it took, made for a few scattered trees.

The appearance of the game was so sudden, that it was some moments before I left the saddle, and when I got ready to shoot, the dogs were between me and the object of my aim. At length I got a clear shot, and fired; the bullet ricocheted under the leopard's feet, but in doing so hit some part of its body. However, giving no more evidence of its mishap than a shorter and more savage growl, as well as an acceleration of speed, it pursued its course as heretofore. By this time the dogs were crowding it, but none dare lay hold, for such an act of temerity would have insured instant death.

Soon the trees were reached; but instead of the leopard taking shelter in them, it turned round on the dogs, and the pack scattered like chaff before the wind. I approached, and got off my horse, having taken my double gun in place of the lately-discharged single-barreled rifle. To my surprise none of the bushmen would go closer. The dogs, owing to my presence, became more and more bold and clamorous; one cur that I had picked up at Hartebeestfontein, near Klerksdorp, particularly distinguished himself; but his prowess cost him dear, for the now thoroughly enraged cat made a dash forward, and with a sweep of her paw gave Macguire such wounds that he could scarcely crawl from the scene of accident. If this continued longer, I clearly saw that not one of my curs would be left, so I advanced to get a clear shot, and so terminate the matter. This was difficult, as the dogs always kept between me and the game, but I continued to approach closer and closer. However, the panther had singled me for his next victim; with a couple of bounds it cleared the yelping hounds, and in a moment would have been on me, but that a snap shot stopped it in its charge; as, maimed and incapacitated for further injury, it bit and clawed the dust, I gave it a second barrel at a short range, and thus ended the fracas.

With the exception of the buffalo, this is the most dangerous animal that can be encountered; its activity is surprising, and its vitality unequalled. Moreover, it exceeds all other animals by its audacity at night in approaching an encampment, when dogs are its favorite prey. Horses also are among its principal victims, especially colts, and many are the inhabitants of Soshong who have justly to complain of the serious damage they have suffered at its hands.

Rocks and coppies are the favorite resort of the leopard; never before or since have I found it on the open velt. The animal just killed was as large as a two-year-old lion cub, exceeding high on its legs, and very light in the body—more resembling my old friend, the hunting-leopard, or cheetah, of India, than any of the species I have previously met in Africa. Its body was beautifully marked, each primrose having a clearly defined yellow center.

A Circus Driver's Ride to Death.

John Strickland, aged forty-six years, while driving a six-horse display wagon, belonging to P. T. Barnum, was thrown to the ground and killed. The horses took fright at an elevated railroad train at forty-second street and Ninth avenue. They dashed at a furious pace across the crowded thoroughfare of Eighth avenue to the imminent peril of a number of pedestrians, who had barely time to get out of the way to escape being run over. The driver kept his seat and guided his horses with great presence of mind. Away they careered past Seventh avenue, on toward Sixth avenue, while crowds of excited people lined the sidewalks, expecting to witness a terrible crash at every moment. The spectators, warned by the approach of the horses in advance, were enabled to keep clear of their headlong flight. At the crossing of Sixth avenue the peril seemed to increase, as a number of young girls and children were out for an airing. But still the flying steeds kept their course without any mishaps, the crowds and the danger increasing at every step. At Broadway the street car tracks lifted and jolted the wagon, so that it seemed for an instant, impossible for the driver to keep his seat. Across Fifth and Madison avenues the horses madly dashed, and past Fourth avenue and Lexington. At the latter place the Belt line of horse cars were to be avoided, and the horses were guided so as to steer clear of the danger. Close to Lexington avenue, on Forty-second street, where the cars form a sort of barricade in the middle of the street, a terrible collision was avoided; but, at the same time, one of the hind wheels was caught in the frog of a rail. The strain was so sudden and the flight of the horses so rapid that the axletree, three inches square, snapped like a rotten twig, and the wheel was sent spinning down the street. Still the driver kept his seat, and people began to breathe more freely as the check which the horses received for this moment seemed to have given the driver a slight control over them. But they made a sudden plunge forward, giving the wagon a sheer, and the driver was thrown over the dashboard, alighting on his head in the street, still holding the reins. The spectacle was then a sickening one; the poor fellow's brains strewing the thoroughfare, and the whole upper part of his head being nearly cut off. He was removed to the thirty-fifth street station house, and his family, who reside at 525 West thirty-ninth street, advised of the sad occurrence.

The horses collided with a telegraph pole a short distance onward, and they were brought to a sudden standstill.—*New York Herald.*

In Russia.

The brilliantly colored signboards give the streets of a Russian city a particularly gay appearance. At almost every corner you come upon a Byzantine-looking shrine of the Virgin, with a number of Russians in front of it, bareheaded, crossing themselves. You meet the Virgin in various other unexpected places—in railway stations, in postoffices, with a little oil lamp flickering at her feet—even in the drowsy lock-ups, where tipsy mujiks can be heard yelling all day and night. The behavior of the people in the streets is quiet and civil. If a Russian knocks against you, he begs your pardon with a sincere show of contrition; if he sees your nose turning white in cold weather, he picks up a handful of snow and rubs it with a brotherly officiousness till the circulation is restored. All along the populous streets peddlers saunter, selling dried mushrooms, cotton handkerchiefs, religious prints, white bread and fritters; but few of them shout. Pigeons infest the roadways with impunity, for they are held sacred. Even if a Russian were starving, it would not occur to him to knock one of the birds on the head and cook it. Dancing bears are also to be seen in great numbers, and, though not sacred, are great favorities, and always draw crowds, who laugh at their antics like children, for Russians are very easily amused.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Honest Farmer.

Happy I count the farmer's life,
Its various round of wholesome toil;
An honest path with loving wife,
And offspring native to the soil.
Thrice happy, surely!—in his breast
Plain wisdom and the trust in God;
His path more straight from east to west
Than politician ever trod.
His gain's no loss to other men;
His stalwart blows inflict no wound;
Not busy with his tongue or pen,
He questions truthful sky and ground.
Partner with seasons and the sun,
Nature's co-worker; all his skill
Obedience, ev'n as waters run,
Winds blow, herb, beast their law fulfill.
A vigorous youthhood, clean and bold;
A manly manhood, cheerful age!
His comely children proudly hold
Their parentage best heritage.
Unhealthy work, false mirth, chicane,
Guilt—needless woe and useless strife—
O cities vain insane, insane!
How happy is the farmer's life.

Poultry Paragraphs.

Feed poultry on good sound grain. Offal or damaged grain is unwholesome, and if fed freely will produce disease.

Pounded oyster or clam shells are good for laying hens. They act as gravel in assisting digestion, and furnish lime for the tissues from which the shells of eggs are made. Break them up small enough for the fowls to swallow easily. They will eat a good deal of this kind of food.

A neat, simple and effective method of keeping high flyers at home is mentioned by *The Poultry World*. Merely scissor away about half of the feathery part of each wing-feather, excepting an inch at the end, without cutting the quill or shaft of the feather at all. This shows but little when the wings are closed, and so does not disfigure the fowl, but it lets the air through sufficiently to prevent flying.

One of the best ways to destroy hen lice is by a proper use of the whitewash brush and fumigants. When the poultry-house is kept in decent order there will be little trouble, but otherwise the fowls will not prosper. A very good plan is to wrap the roost-poles with pieces of old carpet, old bags, or horse blankets. Tack these on neat and smooth and saturate them once a fortnight with diluted carbolic acid, or coal oil. This will clean the perches and add much to the comfort and productiveness of the hens.

Save eggs from the best hens for setting. Many poultry-keepers do not know which are the best layers, but this may be be discovered by a little attention. Old hens lay larger eggs than pullets, and the chicks hatched from two-year old hens, when mated with a vigorous one-year old cock, will be larger, more thrifty, and fledge better than chicks from pullets' eggs. In selecting eggs to hatch, take those that are of a fair average size; reject the small or ill-shaped ones, or the very large ones. There is no way to determine the sex of the chick by an examination of the size, shape, or other external appearance of the egg.

It is a little odd that in this country, where every facility exists, so few ducks and geese are raised. These are proverbially the most hardy and long lived of all our poultry. In places where cholers, croup, etc., sweep off the fowls and turkeys, geese and ducks, which are not subject to these diseases, should be tried. In densely populated Great Britain and even in Belgium where one would suppose there was little room, more geese are raised to the square mile than in the United States. In the interior duck and geese can be raised as profitably as other kinds of poultry, and where diseases prevail, more profitably.

As the season has arrived when young chickens make their appearance, the following rules from the Southern Poultry *Journal* will prove to be of essential importance in producing satisfactory results:

Make your nests for setting hens on the ground if possible, if not, put fresh earth in the nest boxes, and in very warm weather sprinkle the eggs occasionally with a little tepid water, or in the morning let the hen run in the wet grass. Sprinkle sulphur thoroughly among the litter when making the nest. Give the hen a good chance to wallow in dust or ashes; this will keep her free from vermin. Keeping her place darkened until she has fairly "settled down to business." As the chicks hatch and get thoroughly dry take them away and keep in a warm place until all are out. The chicks need no food for the first forty-eight hours. When all are hatched give the hen an hour to roll in dust or ashes in the sun, to prepare for her change of duties; then put her in a roomy coop and give her the chicks. Early in the season, while the ground is cold, the coop should have a board bottom. Give them bread crumbs, broken wheat or screenings (no corn) scraps from the table, and plenty of clean, pure water. Give plenty of green food. Don't try to raise too many, for a place that will accommodate one hundred chicks will be much too small for them when grown. Close quarters cause vermin and disease. These instructions, with the aid of common sense, will insure you success.

Medical Hints.

Teas for the Sick Room.—Dried leaves of sage, one-half ounce; boiling water, one quart; steep for three quarters of an hour and then strain for use; sugar can be added to suit the taste. Peppermint, spearmint, balm, hoarhound, and other herb teas are made in the same manner.

Cure for Chronic Rheumatism.—Dr. Bonnett, of Graulbet, France, recommends and prescribes for chronic

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

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CENTRE HALL, Pa., May 9. 1878.

The oil pipe bill passed the House on Tuesday, last week, by close nipping.

The people of Greenleaf, Ks., one day last week, lynched a horse-thief. In matters of that kind we would advise Sam Patch's motto, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

Up they go—down they go! which? Seventy-nine petitions in bankruptcy were filed in U. S. court at Pittsburg, last week. Union and Snyder county also had quite a number of breakups among its prominent men, inside the last two weeks.

A bill is now before the Legislature and likely to pass, which gives Justices of the Peace and Magistrates the power to decide civil suits when the amount does not exceed three hundred dollars, and in cases where the defendant demands a jury trial, to empannel a jury of six, with the right to appeal to the Court.

We are to have four State nominating Conventions in Pennsylvania this year, in four successive weeks. The Nationals at Philadelphia, May 8, the Republicans at Harrisburg, May 15; the Democrats at Pittsburgh, May 22; and the Prohibitionists at Altoona, May 29.

Can't Hayes do as well as Elizabeth—confess and not live a fraud any longer?

The bill regulating the pay of Co. Supts. has passed the House and Senate and now awaits the signature of the Governor. It reads thus: "Be it enacted, etc. That the salary of each county superintendent of common schools elected according to law in the year 1878, and thereafter, shall be four dollars and fifty cents for each school in his jurisdiction at the time of his election, to be paid out of the general fund appropriated for common schools. Provided, that the salary of a county superintendent shall in no case be less than eight hundred dollars nor more than eighteen hundred dollars per annum, and in counties with over one hundred schools it shall not be less than one thousand dollars. And provided further, that in all counties having over two hundred and ninety schools, or twelve hundred square miles of territory, or a school term extending seven and one half months, the salaries of said superintendents shall not be less than fifteen hundred dollars. That so much of section thirty-nine of the act of May 8, 1854 as requires that a convention of school directors shall determine the compensation of a county superintendent, is hereby repealed, except so far as provided for in this act.

Centre county has 213 schools, and about 1300 square miles territory. This then makes the salary of our superintendent $1500, according to last proviso.

The New York and some other dailies have long stories about the death of John Morrissy—prize fighter and late state senator. We do not know what there is about John Morrissy that needs more than half a column mention in any newspaper, let alone a whole page of fine print.

Very sensible is the following from the Selinsgrove Times relative to the ruinous and unreasonable practice of bailing:

It is surprising how recklessly people go bail. Thousands of families have been reduced from plenty to want and penury by thoughtlessly putting one's name to paper as bail in which the bail had no interest whatever. Men should consider and learn to say no.

And here is a fresh case in point, an every day occurrence:

O. H. Meyers, Judge of the Northampton county courts, has filed his application to go into involuntary bankruptcy. When he took the Bench, about three years ago, he forfeited a practice worth $10,000 a year. The salary of judge of the county is $5,000. The cause of his financial embarrassment is attributed to his liberality in endorsing for his friends.

We are sorry for Judge Meyers of Easton, we knew him, he was an upright man and of the strictest integrity.

The House of Representatives has cut the force in the Land Office down to 161 clerks.

Thank the democrats for another stroke in favor of economy.

The republicans of our state legislature have provided for one of the ring leaders, Mr. Quay of Beaver, by creating a new office in Philadelphia, a Recordership, for him, worth a snug $10,000 per year. Quay is at present Hartranf's Sec'y of State, and he says he will hold on to that position, as it is not incompatible with the new one. Well that's putting it on thick as apple butter, indeed, and with the same greed as Kishinimetas, White displayed when he was state senator, delegate to constitutional convention, and running for Congress, all at the same time.

We have received a number of letters from the foremost merchants and businmen of this county, which relate of the impudence and insult received at the hands of Treasurer Musser when he was scarce warm in his seat. We find the Reporter has company in its bad treatment. We may publish some spicy extracts from these letters in our next—some of the writers say they have already given Treasurer Musser a piece of their mind.

We state it upon the authority of the county commissioners that they have furnished the blanks for the county for last year, (a full supply), at about $120—for which heretofore the county paid, every year the sum of $600. That is quite a saving in one item, and proves what the Reporter has asserted for years, that there could be a saving of several hundred dollars in the bill for printing blanks; the thing has now been demonstrated, and tax-payers should keep this fact in view.

OH, MY!

Just hear what the guiltless Rutherford has to say for himself about the Florida fraud—he pleads innocent, of course, like all criminals:

Mr. Hayes in conversation on the political situation, alluding to the Florida scandal, said that *so far* as he was concerned, he was not cognizant to any intrigues or manipulations to secure success in his interest, and if such were the fact he should certainly have discountenanced any effort to bring about a result contrary to the honest vote of the state. He said that in a few letters written to his friends here, whilst the subject was pending, he repeatedly urged them to see that a fair and honest count was reached. He says he has no objection to a thorough investigation, and believes that it would be better for all parties to have this question settled.

—The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania, for 1878, will be held in Library Hall, Pittsburg, (Penn Avenue, near 6th St.,) at 10 a. m., Wednesday, May 22d, to place in nomination one person for each of the following named offices: Governor, Judge of the Supreme Court, Lieutenant Governor, and Secretary of Internal Affairs.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

HAYES A HELPER.

The Philadelphia Times, independent, which all along was opposed to disturbing Hayes in his stolen seat, so that the county might have quiet, in its issue the other day, in view of the recent confessions, now makes the following pointed remarks: The Times says that "Mr. H. W. Grady, one of the editors of the Atlanta Constitution, who went to Tallahassee for the purpose, is the gentleman who secured the confessions from M'Lin and his accomplices and gave them to the world through the press. We publish this morning some of his remarks in view of the whole matter after careful investigation. He is certain not only that the resident Republicans were determined to have Florida for Hayes at any cost, but that the Hayes commissioners on the ground notably Governor Noyes, the present Minister to France, either instigated or were privy to the frauds. We regret to observe that so careful an investigator, himself of the proceedings of the Returning Board in making the count goes even further, making a deliberate statement of his belief that "Mr. Hayes himself knew of the frauds by which he was put in office." If this be true Mr. Hayes is not only the beneficiary of the crime, but an accessory before the fact; and that is a conclusion to which the country will most unwillingly come. Mr. Grady also brings out more prominently the fact that the revelations as to the Florida frauds do not depend upon the testimony of one or two men who had a grudge against the President. Not M'Lin and Denpis only, but a dozen or more of the rascals have turned State's evidence, and the confessions are said to be backed up by the production of original, altered and mutilated papers kept by the ballot-thieves for their own protection, and circumstantial proof so direct that it cannot be doubted. Here is a starting point for an investigation that must produce some good result. Let it be undertaken at once, without regard to whom it may affect. It were gross injustice, it were condoning these great crimes, for Congress to refuse to act under such circumstances."

CHICAGO COMMUNISTS DRILLING.

Are we to have last summer's terrible disturbances over again? There are mutterings of distant thunder from Chicago, and echoes from other cities. The men who cheered on the mob of last summer—many of them—were afterwards ashamed of it and had to help pay for the wanton destruction of millions of property. No punishment that was dealt out to the few of the many concerned was too severe. Let the authorities be prepared, and when the first communistic outbreak occurs let it be dealt with in a manner that will require a coffin for every one who again raises his arm against law, order and property.

From Chicago it is reported that two thousand Communists in Chicago are drilling once or twice a week. In the Fourteenth Ward about 300 men have been under arms during the Winter. On the North Side there are three halls where 400 men drill every week. In the Seventh Ward between 400 and 500 men are organized, and there are drill's as often as three times a week. In the Sixth Ward 700 men meet in two large halls, and in the Fifth Ward the number of recruits is daily increasing. The Superintendent of Police states that the Communists generally drill in detachments of twelve men, so as not to attract public attention; but of late they have become bolder, and whole companies are placed under discipline at a time. The arms used are mainly Springfield rifles of old and new patterns, but several companies have Enfield rifles. The most startling fact that the Superintendent announces is this: The Communists have sent an agent to New York to purchase arms and ammunition.

The Chicago newspapers, says the Tribune, are full of "Communism." It continues to excite an uneasy feeling there and elsewhere. There seems to be a nervous awaiting of trouble—an apprehension that the terrible scenes of the last Summer may be repeated during the next. The facts are these: A considerable number of operatives in Chicago have provided themselves with arms and ammunition; they have done this secretly; they are said to have drilled. It is consequently apprehended that in the probable event of a general strike, they intend to do battle with the authorities who may seek to preserve order and to protect property. The strike is looked for before the last of May, and there is no hope of a peaceable one. When men buy guns, the time for argument has gone by. When men organize themselves into regiments, of law and order. Muskets mean mischief. It is said that the "American Commune" is 280,000 strong, and is still growing stronger. If so, though we hardly believe the story, peaceful people ought to be ready to become warlike at a moment's notice. So they think in Chicago. The Board of Trade has subscribed $3,500 for the better arming and equipment of the police. The packers, the commission men, the elevator men, are putting down their money handsomely. The Governor of Illinois has placed himself in communication with the civil and military officers of Chicago. The militia regiments have been supplied with ammunition. The newspapers bristle with warnings printed in the largest of type. These precautions may suffice. There may be no important outbreak of the mob-spirit in Chicago. The philosophers with breech-loaders may consider discretion to be the better part of valor. A bold and determined front, with law on its side, usually has a wonderful effect upon the most voluble reformer. He can do no mischief, unless he catches the body politic asleep as he did last Summer. We are told that the headquarters of this "American Commune" are in New-York.

We reiterate the charge, upon the best of authority, that Treasurer Musser when his land sales were stopped two years ago on account of wilful violation of law in advertising, that he then tried hard to have the expense of his blunder saddled upon the county, instead of like a man being willing to foot it himself.

The Reporter is not the only one that has received unfair and ungenerous treatment at the hands of Treasurer Musser; we have letters from business men telling of the insolent notice they received from Treasurer Musser, relative to the payment of licenses. This we have from the most prominent and best democratic as well as republican merchants and business men in the county, who make no secret of it. Such conduct is in keeping with the man who goes back on a democratic paper that gave him support and bestows his patronage upon papers that neither gave him nor the democratic party any aid.

This is Treasurer Musser as others see him. If you want to know how he shows off himself, read his own sketch of himself in the recent History of Centre co.

Democrats of Centre county did not vote for Dan Musser for the purpose of having him make war on a democratic paper and seek to break it down.

Cameron politics in this state does not run quite as easy as it used to. Hoyt is the Cameron choice for governor—but there is an effort to head off Winnebagoism and the friends of Grow and Wickersham are making alarming inroads upon the plans of the Cameron ring. Grow is having quite a show for the radical nomination for Governor likewise school teacher Wickersham, and if these two gentlemen join forces they may be able to rub out the writing on the Cameron slate. What a sight to see the Camerons floared once in their own party, and what a growl it would cause!

The Blair county democrats have instructed for Dill for governor.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

WHAT THE VICE PRESIDENT ELECTED HAS TO SAY.

WHAT MR. HENDRICKS SAYS.

A special to the World from Indianapolis says: Though questioned, Governor Hendricks steadily declined to submit to a formal interview. However in an informal way, during the course of the conversation, he said that the confessions were in no manner a surprise to him. He intimated that legal proceedings based upon them would be instituted, but not immediately, although he could not state what precise form would be adopted. In regard to his views on the Presidential question, he quoted from his speech to the Democratic State Convention of February, saying that while it is perfectly true that the title of Hayes to the office of President was settled under the forms of law it is still none the less true that imperative duty demands of us that fitting punishment be visited upon the public criminals through whose flagitious crimes that judgement was obtained.

CONKLING'S VIEW OF HAYES' GUILT.

J. F. Mines, late editor of Conkling's Utica organ, and the author of the recent interviews with the Senator of the auburn locks, in a letter to the World of Saturday, says: The men to whom Senator Conkling gave the credit of managing the alleged great fraud were Stanley Matthews and John Sherman—the latter being credited with having the longer head and the more cunning. There was a deliberateness and earnestness in his (Conkling's) mode of speaking in regard to the electoral frauds there, of the "usurpation" of Hayes, and the "corrupt bargain" with Nicholls by which Packard was "driven out at the muzzle of Confederate guns," that impressed me so much with the truth of his convictions as to make me a firm believer in his story. I said, "Senator, is there any possibility of Mr. Hayes having been kept in ignorance of the steps that were taken for a fraudulent count, and that he may not have been a party to any wrong proceedings?" After deliberation he said, "I am afraid there is no room for doubt. The people who went down there in his behalf were personally too closely connected with him to permit any other theory except that he was cognizant of all that took place. I think that when the matter comes to be taken up and the evidence is produced, it will be shown that Hayes is not merely weak, but corrupt as well." He spoke of the rewards that had been heaped by the President upon the men who assisted in the Louisiana business, as showing that he was not merely an accessory afterwards but before the fact. And I certainly could understand nothing else from his remarks subsequently but that he was in possession of important documentary proofs brought from New Orleans and of telegrams that had passed between Washington and Columbus while the matter was in agitation. There was no question in my mind that he had all the proof necessary to speak.

ROBBING THE PEOPLE.

HOW THE LEGISLATURE DOESITS WORK.

Special Correspondence of the Pittsburg Telegraph.

Harrisburg, May 3.—The scene in the House this morning beggared description, and if the people of the Commonwealth could only have looked in upon their Representatives there would have been universal surprise that even the Pennsylvania Legislature could countenance such disorder, such nonsense and such levity as prevailed. It was in Committee of the Whole upon the bill for the revision of the game laws, and the enemies of the anti-Discrimination bill, which was next on the calendar, wanted to keep that bill from being reached. Probably a hundred amendments were offered, the most of which were presented only to kill time and create a laugh while the people's money was being squandered at the rate of about $1,500 per hour. The following, offered by Gillespie, of Philadelphia, may be taken as a fair sample of the legislative wisdom to which the people of the State were treated to this morning. "Resolved that $10,000 be appropriated to put Wire screens up along the Delaware front to keep the crow from leaving Jersey and coming over to this State." And this is what the people of this Commonwealth are paying $5,000 a day for. "Age, thou art shamed! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!" While a dozen men were on their feet at once, all clamoring for recognition from the chair, and waving aloft pieces of foolscap upon which were written amendments to the bill, the others were running across the floor, pelting each other with paper balls, and having a high old time generally. Presently a new diversion was introduced in the shape of a large artificial spider fastened to the end of a cane with a string, which certain members brought in close proximity to the ears and necks of other members. This was considered a grand success, and this branch of the amusement was kept up until the hour of adjournment.

Washington, May 1.—The judiciary committee are daily receiving additional information on the alleged frauds in Florida. But there will be no action till possession of all available facts in the case is had. In looking up the telegrams they have come across a telegraphic correspondence between Foster, Garfield and others, and Governor Young, which it is claimed will prove the alleged bargain between Hayes and certain southern democrats whilst the electoral count was going on in the house. It is asserted that Young showed these dispatches to Mr. Hayes at Columbus, and it was done with his full knowledge and approval.

In the United States Circuit Court Judge Sawyer rendered a decision in the case of the Chinaman who applied for naturalization papers, holding that Chinamen are not white persons within the meaning of the term as used in the Naturalization laws and are not entitled to become citizens. The case will undoubtedly be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

A private letter from Rome to Washington states that when Mrs. Grant was presented to the Pope she handed him to bless for her a silver cross which her husband had given to her when they celebrated their silver wedding at Long Branch in 1873, and that the Pope complied with her request.

The Harrisburg Patriot should not be so naughty as to talk like this:

"Perhaps if some kindly disposed party would nominate" Mr. P. Gray Meek "for some office it would ease the troubled spirit of the" Bellefonte Watchman. Let somebody do it quick.

THE FLORIDA FRAUDS.

Washington, April 29.—It is said by prominent Democrats that a resolution will soon be introduced in the House directing the Committee on Judiciary to investigate the alleged Florida frauds, and authorizing them to send for persons and papers. This would include the statements of McLin and Dennis and other proofs in that connection. The investigation will be made with a view of ascertaining all the facts and not to interfere with the present position of President Hayes.

The feeling among the Democrats seems to be that Florida confessions have made a direct issue, in that the Democrats assert and the Administration denies their truth, and that the Democratic party can not now ignore that direct issue without confessing that its assertions of fraud have been merely brag. There is almost absolutely no inclination apparent among Democratic Congressmen to attempt to oust Hayes; but the lawyers in both parties are considering the fact that the sixth section of the Electoral bill, which was drawn by Edmunds, does explicitly reserve to Congress the right to investigate the facts, whatever might have been the decision of the Electoral Commission. There seems to be a growing inclination to investigate and determine the fact under that provision, to the end that the dangerous precedent may not be established that Congress will not investigate a successful election fraud.

THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION.

Its Formal Opening.

Paris, May 1.—The Paris International Exhibition of 1878 was formally opened to-day with impressive ceremonies and the presence of a large and distinguished audience. Shortly after two o'clock President MacMahon arrived in the State carriage at the rear entrance of the "Trocadero" where he was met by the assembled Princes, Ambassadors, of foreign Governments, members of the French cabinet and other dignitaries. After the formal ceremonies of presentation the procession marched out upon a platform erected for the purpose overlooking the cascade and main building. Here an immense concourse of people were massed to witness the opening ceremonies. President MacMahon was met on the platform by M. De Bort, Minister of Commerce, who in a brief address welcomed the President of France to the Exhibition. President MacMahon then in a few words declared the exhibition opened. The cheering of the crowd below lasted several minutes. The ceremony was somewhat marred by the weather, which was dark and threatening rain. Salutes were fired from Mount Valarien and the Hotel Des Invalides. After the procession of distinguished visitors had marched through and inspected the various sections of the Exhibition, President MacMahon returned in his carriage to the Palace De Elysee. The whole city of Paris is splendidly decorated with French and foreign flags, and the occasion is observed as a gala day. The city is crowded with strangers, and the buildings of the Exhibition are jammed with visitors.

More than 200,000 foreigners and provincials are in the city to witness the opening. The buildings are finished; exhibitors only are behindhand; the English, American, Swiss and Dutch sections are the most advanced. Nine thousand workmen are engaged in the Champ de Mars. The American Commissioners say that the engine for driving the American machinery will probably be in position on Monday, but they fear that the French administration will not be able to supply steam until the end of the week. The locomotive sent out by the Reading Railroad Company with its exhibit of coal on the steamer Pottsville, which reached Havre on Sunday last from Philadelphia, weighs two tons more than any other in the Exhibition. It will be the best on the track in the American section.

The French authorities have done everything in their power to render the Exhibition both attractive and popular. Single admission has been put as low as 1 franc (20 cents). Season tickets are obtainable for 100 francs ($20). Tickets are to be sold everywhere in the city—at the tobacconists', at the post, telegraph, tramway, steamboat and railway stations.

CROWDED DWELLINGS.

The New York *World* has been giving some attention recently to the infamous tenement-house system of that city, and the facts which it presents not only are of great importance to the citizens of New York, but possess considerable interest for thoughtful persons everywhere. It appears from statistics collected by the *World* that nearly three-fourths of the entire population of New York are crowded into one-fourth of the houses, no less than twenty-one thousand out of eighty-six thousand buildings in the city containing an average of more than forty inhabitants apiece. In Philadelphia, where a dwelling occupied by more than one family is an exception to the general rule, it will appear almost incredible that there are in New York but 12,974 dwellings each occupied by a single family, and ranked in the official schedules as "first class." Of the "second class" dwellings, occupied by two or three families each, there are 18,513, not including the 445 apartments houses or French flats; while of tenement houses, containing four or more families, there are 21,270. The violation of all sanitary laws involved in crowding together a dozen or twenty families in a single narrow dwelling is too obvious to need demonstration, although the statistics may serve to draw attention to the evil. It is shown, for example, that in one ward, having a population of 25,-653 and an area of 198 acres, there were 456 deaths in a year, while in an adjoining ward, with almost the same population, 26,453, crowded into about one-half the area, or 96 acres, the deaths in the same period were 661. But what is far more important than all this is the social disorganization that must result from such a system. Not only does the tenement house breed disease, which spreads into the costly dwellings around it, but it breeds crime, which spreads abroad everywhere. Of 487 juvenile criminals whose cases were investigated by the New York Prison Association, 417 lived in tenement houses of all other classes. Such figures, however, cannot show or can but faintly suggest the demoralizing influence of tenement-house system, where twenty or thirty families are herded together under one roof, to the utter destruction not only of domestic privacy and home comfort, but even of common decency. Happily such a state of things as here described exists or is likely to exist in this country nowhere out of New York, for nowhere else is there the same geographical necessity for crowding a large population into a small space; but the same tendency exists in every city, and it will be found everywhere that in these crowded nests of disease and crime are propagated those elements of social disorder that once and again have threatened to destroy our civil institutions. Such surroundings cannot produce good citizens and there is no higher or more imperative duty for the lawmaker or the philanthropist or for those who seek the safety of society than that of laboring to improve the dwellings of the people. There can be no content except where people are well housed, and where there is discontent there is danger.

DR. DEEMS AND FRANK LESLIE.

The brilliant literary ability of Rev. Charles Force Deems, D. D., LL. D., the distinguished Pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, associated with the undaunted courage, enterprise and energy of Frank Leslie, has, in connection with the Sunday Magazine, resulted in much profit to the country. Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine has no rival, nor need it fear any. No American monthly has taken a more rapid or a firmer hold on the affections of the people. While it is purely religious in tone and teaching, it is nonsectarian and not "over-righteous," but there is an abiding element of freshness about it which is truly invigorating. Each number contains 128 quarto pages of pure pleasantness, illustrated with 100 highly interesting engravings—that kind of literature which, while it attracts, captivates and entertains, instructs, cheers and elevates the reader, no matter what the creed, sex or age may be. The low price of this publication places it within reach of the million. The annual subscription price is but $3; single copies, 25 cents—postpaid.

Among the many good things contained in the June number, now ready, and which closes the Third Volume, we notice the following articles: "The Pyramids," by Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D.; "The Life of Alexander Duff," by A. H. Guernsey; "Glimpses of the Tower of London," by Rev. John Bayley; "1877," by T. B. Macaulay; "The Home Pulpit," by the Editor; "Florence and the Medici"; "Strasburg and its Cathedral"; "Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Childhood"; "Incidents in the Reign of Terror in France"; "Hours with English Sacred Poets," etc., etc. Stories by Byron A. Brooks, J. H. Connolly, F. M. F. Skene and others; beautiful poems, interesting anecdotes, miscellaneous notes, etc., complete the bright number.

Address your orders to Frank Leslie, 53, 55 & 57 Park Place, cor. College Place, New York.

Gold 1001. Gold value of the legal tender dollar 99 6-10.

THE CLOSING OF THE BALTIC SEA.

England Made to Understand That Germany is Arrayed Against Her.

Associated Press Dispatch.

London, May 1.—It is considered in official circles in London that the mission of Count Von Moltke to Copenhagen is an event of the utmost importance. It is thought to be a sure indication of Germany's intention to act, as Prince Bismarck's organs have already declared formally in favor of neutralizing the Baltic or forbidding the entrance of British ironclads. The object of Count Von Moltke's mission, it is believed here, is to enforce measures on the Danish Government which will secure the closing of the sound. Denmark's weakness is so apparent to all that no one doubts the success of Von Moltke's mission, as she cannot afford to refuse a peremptory demand of that nature from Germany. This incident may cool the warlike ardor of the British Cabinet, because it proves that Russia is backed by Germany. Many intelligent observers of European politics have long held this view, but most Englishmen have refused to believe it, and the truth is now brought home to them at a moment when any receding from the demands already put forth by the Beaconsfield Cabinet would be a national humiliation. England is entirely isolated. She finds herself confronted by war with no apparent prospect of an alliance except with the moribund Turk, and whatever Moslem fanaticism she may be able to stir up in her own empire. The prospect now apparently is that the British Government will shortly make a movement toward a compromise. This Baltic incident may be considered as hopeful, inasmuch as it increases the chances of a peaceful solution, by showing the English people the enormous odds likely to be against them in case of war.

ALL HOPE OF PEACE GONE.

An Arrangement Between Austria and Russia Nearly Complete—England to be Completely Isolated.

London, May 5.—A St. Petersburg correspondent telegraphs that even the most sanguine in the Russian capital are abandoning all hopes of peace. It is now asserted confidently that General Todleben will force a rupture if the Turks refuse to deliver up the fortresses.

The arrangements for the congress make no progress. England demands that Russia shall withdraw her army first and then her fleet will follow suit. An agreement on this question of mutual withdrawal is, therefore, not probable.

An understanding between Austria and Russia is nearly complete. With Russia's consent Austrian troops will occupy Bosnia at the sound of the first cannon. This will leave England in a position of complete isolation.

The result of the Servian General Leschjanin's mission to St. Petersburg is entirely satisfactory to the Servians, but will make a new complication that will make the preservation of European peace extremely difficult. The czar has admitted the claim of the Belgrade government to that portion of old Servia which was not allotted to Servia by the San Stefano treaty.

The offensive has been reopened by the Servian army against the Turks, with the object of securing that territory. This is certain to create a difficulty with Austria, if not with England, and will seriously interfere with the military position of the Turks.

Notwithstanding the hopeful news of Russian concessions announced from Vienna and intimated from St. Petersburg it cannot be said that there is any positive change in the principle of the questions in dispute. It is said that a conciliatory disposition has prevailed in the councils of the St. Petersburg government, but it is asked, What does Russia consider at this moment to be a peaceful concession or conciliatory proposal?

The fresh attempt to reach an understanding is described as getting over difficulties of form by making far reaching concessions on the merits of the question. But the misfortune seems to be that what the Russians consider a question of form England regards as a question of principle.

England demands the placing of the treaty of San Stefano before the congress for unreserved discussion; Russia, it is said, refuses to give way on that point.

Washington, May 1, 1878.—The latest intelligence here about the Russian transport Cimbria shows that, though originally believed to be destined for New York, she steered inshore near Cape Sable at the southern extremity of Nova Scotia, and was there signalled, and thereupon laid her course for Southwest Harbor. It is also reported here that about six weeks ago Colonel Burke, a very prominent Irishman, a man who fought in the Crimean war, in the Franco-Prusian war, in the Cuban rebellion and served in the Peruvian cavalry, came to Washington charged with a mission to Minister Shiskin and had several interviews with that gentleman, the object being the enlistment of an Irish contingent to serve in the Russian army in any part of the world in case of war.

Five Thousand Men Ready.

Representations were made, it is asserted, and satisfactory proof given that at least five thousand men were ready to be armed and enrolled in New York to enter the Russian service at a day's notice. The idea advanced was to place the men on transports, with provisions and munitions of war, a few days in advance of the declaration of war and, with the proper convoy ready, steam away northward at the called signal of the imminence of hostilities and make a descent on the ports of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where great damage could be inflicted, owing to the defenceless condition of that portion of British territory. The idea is, of course, to get these men on board transports convoyed by ships manned by Russians, flying the Russian flag and under commission from that government, and get them out of American waters before neutrality could be declared and steps taken to prevent the expedition sailing.

A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

Explosion in a Minneapolis Flour Mill—Five Mills Destroyed and Many Lives Lost.

Memphis, Minn., May 3.—Last evening this city was shaken as by an earthquake by a terrific explosion, which was promptly traced to the great flouring mills in what is known as the "Platform," just above St. Anthony's Falls, where the entire flouring district of the city is concentrated. The explosion came from the great Washburn mill, from which a column of flame was seen to start up several hundred feet, followed by a crash which crushed the immense structure like an egg shell. Secondary explosions instantly destroyed Thompson & Hoyt's and the Humboldt mill, and flames immediately burst out, communicating to the Galaxy mills, those of Pettit, Robinson & Co., Cahill, Ankeny & Co., L. Day & Sons, Day & Rollins, Buell, Newton & Co., Garton, Haywood & Co., the Wasburn A. and B. mills, and lesser structures down the bank of the river, nearly to the Minneapolis and St. Louis Railroad shops. The destruction from the shock of the explosion extended much further, glass being wrecked for several squares and buildings shaken throughout the city.

The Explosion took place at the hour of changing the day for night hands, and so far as known seventeen persons were killed and an equal number wounded. The loss to property is enormous, but the confusion is too great for an intelligent estimate at present. A rough calculation places it at $1,500,000, of which $1,000,000 will fall upon the milling interest. The loss throughout the city by the breaking of glass, etc., is $10,000. Five mills and a planing mill were destroyed, besides adjoining property, including eighty-seven out of the one hundred and ninety-seven runs of stone in the city. The five flouring mills which were involved in the disaster for a group which comprises the heaviest concerns in the State.

TURKEY GOES BACK ON RUSSIA.

London, April 30.—It is reported that Turkey refuses to fulfil the stipulations of the treaty of San Stefano and that the Russians will occupy Constantinople immediately.

The British Admiralty is informed that the Russian Baltic fleet is now ready for service, the sailors having been summoned for drill a month in advance of the usual time.

DEATH OF JOHN MORRISSEY.

Saratoga, May 1.—Hon. John Morrissey died at 7:30 this evening. He had seemed quiet and without any unfavorable symtoms, until about half past five, when an unfavorable change occurred and he sank rapidly afterwards.

.....Special Notices.....

PIMPLES,

I will mail (Free) the recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, FRECKLES PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address, inclosing 3 cts. stamp, Rev. Vandoff & Co, 20 Aan St., N. Y.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburg, N. Y.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 36 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Dolf & Co. 20 Ann St., N. Y.

$57.60 AGENTS profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles just patented. Samples sent free. Address H. CHIDESTER 216 Fulton St., New York.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and direction for making the simple remedy which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar St., New York.
31jan 6ms,

Spring Mills O. K!

NEW ROOM! NEW GOODS!

at I. J. Grenoble's Store!

SPRING MILLS,

has the goods. Largest stock!

SELECTION UNSURPASSED!

Prices Lower than Ever,

And now extends a cordial invitation to his friends, patrons, and public generally.

Also a Complete Assortment of Ready Made Clothing for men and boys. Suits as low as to be had in the city.

Imported and Domestic

DRYGOODS!

Full lines of

MERINO UNDERWEARS,

For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Misses and Children.

Hosiery, Gloves, Boots and Shoes, HATS, CAPS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

And the most complete assortment of

NOTIONS

n Central Pennsylvania, and prices that willcompel you in self defence to buy of hm. Also Fish, Salt, etc. 18oc

A full line of Howe Sewing Machines and Needles for all kinds of machines.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED.

To sell Dr. Chase's Recipes; or Information for Everybody, in every county in the United States and Canadas. Enlarged by the publisher to 648 pages. It contains over 2000 household recipes and is suited to all classes and conditions of society. A wonderful book and a household necessity. It sells at sight. Greatest inducements ever offered to book agents. Sample copies sent by mail, Postpaid, for $2.00. Exclusive territory given. Agents more than double their money. Address Dr. Chase's Steam Printing House, Ann Arbor Michigan. 9 may 13t

GRAHAM & SON,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

HAVE THE FINEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Ladie's fine Button Boots, $1.75.
Ladie's Lasting Gaiters, 1.00.
Ladie's Lasting Slippers, .50.
Ladie's Lasting Tip Gaiters, 1.25.
Ladie's Coarse Shoes, 1.00
Gent's fine Calf Boots, handmade, 3.50.
Gent's Alexis Buckle Shoes, 1.50.

All kind of PLOW SHOES for Men and Boys.

The latest style of LADIE'S FRENCH HEEL BOOTS, made on the French Last. Call and see them. A fine stock of the Best Buenos Ayres Sole Leather, Calf Skins. Keeps Lasts, Pegs, etc. always a full STOCK.

Candy Manufactory & Bakery.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

At the BISHOP STREET BAKERY, is now making the very best BREAD, CAKES AND PIES, in Bellefonte.

Candies and Confections.

He also manufactures all kinds of candies, and dealers can purchase of him as low as in the city. Candies of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Syrups, Jellies and everything good.

CENTRE COUNTY OYSTER DEPOT.

An Excellent oyster saloon also attached to the Bakery. Call and see me. ALBERT KAUTH.
nov15

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS

S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY
SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES
FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Harrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

19aptf S. T. SHUGERT.

That old Brick Building at 6th and Market in Philadelphia where Wanamaker and Brown STARTED to earn a good name by making ONLY Real Good Clothing is this year "Full and running over" with that kind of Clothing that Men and Boys may = DEPEND ON Please Call W & B OAK Hall.

STOVES! HEATERS! RANGES!

Hardware! Hardware!! Hardware!!!

WILSON & M'FARLANE,

Bellefonte, Penn'a.

Have just received and placed on Exhibition and Sale, at their Stores no less than

Fifty-Three Varieties and Styles of Cook and Parlor Stoves,

Single and Double Heaters, Portable Ranges, &c., embracing all the latest improvements, newest makes, styles and novelties in the market, combining all the desirable qualities, such as beauty, durability, convenience and economy. They have the only Portable Ranges that will bake in BOTH OVENS for sale in the county. ENTIRELY NEW.

Every Stove WARRANTED in every particular.

LOWEST PRICE and satisfaction guaranteed.

Our stock of

Hardware, Tinware, Oils, Pure Leads,

and PAINTS cannot be excelled for variety, quality and cheapness.

EVERYBODY IS REQUESTED TO CALL whether wishing to purchase or not.

Special Bargains for Cash Buyers!

12jul.tf WILSON & McFARLANE, Humes' Block, Bellefonte.

LOOK! LOOK!

BARGAINS

—IN—

NEW GOODS!!

—NOW, *EINS, ZWEI, DREI*, FOR A—
—RACE TO GET THE FIRST—
—BARGAINS IN NEW GOODS—
—AT—

WM. WOLF'S

IN THE

New Bank Building.

A Full Line of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, carefully selected, and embracing all manner of

DRESS GOODS,
CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS,
GROCERIES,
GLASSWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
TINWARE,
FISH, &C., &C.

Furnishing Goods

OF AL KINDS.

NEW AND CHOICE INVOICE OF CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES.

Full line of

Hats and Caps

For Men, Boys and Children.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

Call and be Convinced that this is the Cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Remember the place—in the New Bank Building, opposite the Old Stand.

HO! FOR SPRING MILLS!!

Stoves! Stoves!

TINWARE!!

HARDWARE!!

A full line of all kinds of Stoves.
A full line of Tinware.
Hardware for all, Coachmakers and Mechanics included,
At the New Store of

6septf THOS. A. HICKS & BRO.

HARPSTER & NOLAN,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
Centre Hall, Pa.

Business stand upstairs in the building formerly occupied by the Centre Reporter.

Will furnish gentlemen with clothing, made to order, of the best material that can be bought in Philadelphia or New York. Long experience in the business at Bellefonte enables him to turn out first class work in all respects. 6dec6 tf

C. C. CONSER.

MERCHANT TAILOR.

In Bank Building, Centre Hall.

Would respectfully announe to the citizens of this vicinity that he has taken rooms in above building where he is prepared to do all kinds of work belonging to his line, for men and boys, and according to latest styles. Goods sold by sample. Having had nine years experience he guarantees all work to render perfect satisfaction, and solicits a share of the public patronage. 6decy

HENRY BROCKERHOFF. J. D. SHUGERT
President. Cashier.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.

(Late Milliken, Hoover & Co.)

Receive Deposits,
And Allow Interest,
Discount Notes

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

Centre Hall, Pa, Th'rsd. May 9,'78.

TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2.50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

Subscribers outside the county should remit us 10 cts, amount of one year's postage, instead of 20cts as formerly when paid by themselves.

Subscribers can always tell how their accounts stand at the Reporter office by consulting the lables on their papers. If the lable reads "John Roe 1 jan '75" it means that John is indebted for subscription from the 1st of January, 1875, and that it is time he was paying the printer.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——In the death-notice of Mr. George Schmeltzer, last week there was an error—it should read 26 April, instead of 16.

——A few nights ago the safe in McClain & Cook's store at Milesburg, was blown open by burglars, who carried off some $80 as their reward.

——Mr. Wolf has succeeded in purchasing a very elegant chandelier for the Luth. church of this place, out of the funds realized by the lady's ice-cream festival.

——Our school directors met in convention on last Monday, and re-elected Prof. Henry Meyer Co. Superintendent. Prof. Meyer has filled the office three years to the utmost satisfaction, and he has proven himself in every respect worthy of re-election.

——Any one tired of his silver dollar can have it exchanged for paper in the REPORTER office—it just reaches for six months on REPORTER.

——Lady's Bonnets and Hats, latest styles just unpacked at Guggenheimer & Co's. Centre Hall, and remarkably low in price.

——Read the advertisement of Dr. Chase's Receips in another column. Whoever sells this book will not only have the satisfaction of making money, but that of conferring a great favor upon all who purchase.

——Sale of personal property of F. Krumrine, dec'd Ferguson tp., May 25.

——Work in marble, done equal to any in Philadelphia, can be had at Heisler's marble works Bellefonte, and at prices lower than at any other yard in the county.

——On last Friday evening, Willis, a son of Mr. John Rishel, of Potter, met with a serious accident. He was taking two colts to water, one of which he was riding; the animals became unruly, and the boy was thrown off, sustaining severe bruises about the head and shoulders. He was taken up insensible and remained in that state some four hours. He is fast recovering.

——Get you sugar, coffee, tea, syrup, canned and dried fruits at Sechler's, and you are sure of the best.

——We believe there never was a larger attendance at court than last week and week before, and much business was despatched, for which credit is due Judges Mayer and Orvis. Judge Orvis presided most of the time and he kept court going from "8 to 7," so that the tax-payers might get some worth for the money spent on jurors, court officers and court expenses in general. We think if some Judges in other districts would pattern after Judges Mayer and Orvis in the above respect, their people would think all the more of them. Even the *Republican*, that is politically opposed to our judges, accords them praise for making good use of time and shoving business right ahead. Credit to whom credit is due—even though of opposite politics.

——Riddles, for forgery, was sentenced to three years penitentiary. Jacob Wolf of Penn, for firing a house, got twe years penitentiary, and George Adam of same township, for stealing, sentenced one year to same place.

——Green's Compound Syrup of Tar, Honey and Bloodroot, cures all affections of the throat and lungs—such as colds, coughs, asthma, croup, whooping cough, and earlier stages of consumption. Ask for it at the drug-store—it is a standard remedy, which should always be on hand in the family.

——Valentines are very successful in displaying their goods in their windows. The show of Sugar in one of their windows a few weeks ago was very attractive. A little later appeared a fine display of Coffee, afterwards a window full of Soap, with a very handsome show case,—now again Coffee with a large ticket calling attention to the price, only 20c. They certainly sell goods very cheap. For instance a basket for eight cents; twenty-five cakes of soap for a dollar, and so on. One of the clerks told us that their business has increased wonderfully the last two months The stock of groceries in their cellars is very large and all the goods look nice and new and clean. They sell a great deal in large quantities.

——The case of Dr. Rothrock, for abortion, which resulted in the death of Mrs. Ettle, occupied some 4 or 5 days of court last week. The jury after being out a few hours, brought in a verdict of guilty. Moorehouse, his accomplice and paramour of the deceased, turned states evidence. Rothrock's counsel, Messrs. Hoy and Love, have applied for a new trial, which will be argued in June. The doctor is out on $3,000 bail. Fortney and Spangler conducted the case on the part of the commonwealth.

——Were pleased to have a call the other day from our old friend Col. Benj. Schmeltzer, of Dakota, Ill., formerly of Madisonburg. Ben looks fresh and hearty and is getting along well in the west.

——No one can develop the grace of meekness by listening to a crying Baby. Stop its fretfulness by curing the Colic with Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price 25 cents.

——Tremendous stock of new goods at Wolf's—far exceeding any thing in this valley. Latest styles dress goods, notions, boots, shoes, hats, caps, fish, groceries,—and no humbug about any of them. Go and see Wolf's fine new stock, in the bank building.

——Fishing tackle, fancy articles, drugs, medicines, &c., at Frank Greens—best assortment in county.

——Go to Heisler's Bellefonte marble yard for finest marble.

——Go to Newman's if you wish to see a fine new stock of ready made clothing. He has just unpacked a large lot, and is offering suits at astonishing bargains. You had best call at the Eagle Clothing hall and secure a bargain. Newman sends off all customers happy and satisfied.

——GOING TO KANSAS IN WAGONS.—A caravan of four teams, conveying five families, in all twenty-seven persons, passed through Olean, on their way from Tioga county, Pa., to Kansas. The party was well equipped and in excellent spirits. There was a liberal assortment of men, women and children, all of whom seemed to be healthful and cheerful.

——The new Lutheran church at Rebersburg will be dedicated on the 12th inst. Prof. Zeigler, D. D., Rev. W. L. Criley and other ministers are expected to be present.

TOWNSHIP ROAD TAX.—A case of interest to supervisors was recently decided by Judge Pearson, of Harrisburg. A supervisor in Dauphin county had the road taxes assessed late in the fall of 1877 for that year. The complainant had called on the officer several times through the year, asking to have an opportunity to work out only about the half of it. The Judge decided that it is the duty of the supervisor elected on the third Tuesday of February, soon after entering upon the duties of his office, to assess the tax for the year, being governed by the valuation for county purposes, and not exceeding one per cent. This tax must be entered in a book, to which each person owing road tax can have free access, and the supervisor must allow each person an opportunity to work it out. It has been decided by the supreme court that it is illegal for a supervisor to enter into such contracts for making the roads as would preclude a citizen the opportunity to work out his tax. The supervisors, like county commissioners, must estimate the amount of tax and the wages of labor, and not the township auditors.

BANKRUPTCY OF THE BEAVER MILL AND LUMBER COMPANY.—This company, composed of Thomas McCauley of Altoona, Edmund Blanchard of Bellefonte, and William H. Armstrong of Williamsport, has filed a petition in bankruptcy. The petition sets forth the debts of the firm at $229,000. The burden of the break has fallen on Mr. Armstrong. The statement shows that his individual liabilities are nothing, but he has raised for the firm on his individual property $80,000, and his liabilities as endorser are $81,418.61. Of this sum he endorsed for Thos. McCauley $60,051.32; for Lewis G. Hulings, $19,[illegible] for Edmund Blanchard $1,767.20.

Mr. Armstrong says the firm owes him $130,000, McCauley $50,[illegible], and Blanchard about $8,000.

He states in the petition that his financial embarrassment arises solely from his connection with this firm, of which he was a silent partner. He says his partners were represented to him to be responsible for their proportion of liabilities that might be incurred, but that it has proved otherwise. He has a credit balance of $112,000, while the other partners are indebted to the firm. He says his whole estate has been given up to meet the partnership liabilities, and it has proved insufficient, and that he had "no individual debts whatever, save those incurred in behalf of the firm in the vain effort to pay its debts."

——Rain on Saturday, rain on Tuesday.

——Ph. Mersinger left on Tuesday for a trip to the west.

——A grand musical concert will be given at Boalsburg, on Sat. eve. 11 inst. Profs. Way, Reitmeyer and Lowell M. Meyer will be present, and every effort has been made to make it *the* concert of the season.

——Decoration day comes on 30 inst. Let the sleeping braves be remembered, and their graves receive the fitting testimonial of that occasion. They died that the country might live.

——Hurrah, boys! A meeting has been appointed for Saturday evening, May 11, at 7:30 o'clock, to make an effort to organize a Military Company in this place. The meeting will be held in Gift & Flory's shop. Fall in. Z.

——Go to Sechlers for fish—a most excellent lot of the choicest mackerel and other fish.

——We noticed quite a number of improvements in Millheim, the other day—new houses going up and old ones being overhauled. If these people could get the branch railroad on its feet, it would give additional impetus to the place, as well as benefit Aaronsburg and Brushvalley. Keep the thing moving, every mechanic in that busy town would be benefitted.

——If war breaks out between Russia and England, Queen Victoria will have to buy all her groceries at Sechlers.

——Largest stock of wall-paper in Bellefonte, at John C. Miller & Co's. book store.

——Go to Valentines store, Bellefonte, to see and examine a large assortment of Dry Goods, all the latest styles. Straw Hats in abundance. They have now a fine display of Queensware in one of their windows. Their new stock of sun and rain umbrellas is marked very low. If you want to have an opportunity to select from a *large stock* there is no better place that we know of than Valentine's store, as they always carry in stock the finest and largest amount of goods of any store outside the cities, and sell se much cheaper than other stores.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that C. S. M'Cormick, Esq. of Lock Haven, will be a candidate for President Judge, subject to democratic rules.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that D. G. Bush, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Congress, subject to democratic rules.

ASSEMBLY.

W. A. Murray, of Boalsburg, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic rules.

Wm. L. Musser, of Penn, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to democratic rules.

SHERIFF.

George Hoffer, of Potter will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

John R. Bair, of Penn, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

John Spangler, of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to democratic rules.

COMMISSIONER.

J. H. Hahn, of Milesburg, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

A. J. Greist, of Unionville, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

John Hoy, jr., of Marion township, will be a candidate for Commissioner, subject to democratic rules.

TREASURER.

S. A. M'Quistian, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. Ebrhard, of Potter, will be a candidate for Treasurer, subject to democratic rules.

PROTHONOTARY.

Samuel G. Herring of Gregg will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

J. C. Harper, now of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

B. F. Shafer, of Walker, will be a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to democratic rules.

R. G. Brett, of Ferguson will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary subject to democratic rules.

Mr. S. M. Swartz, of Potter, desires to inform his friends and democrats that he will be a candidate for the nomination of Prothonotary.

A FIRST CLASS BUSINESS CHANCE.—HARDWARE, TINWARE AND STOVE STORE FOR SALE.—Located at Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa., the terminus of the Lewisburg, Centre and Spruce Creek railroad. Is now a very good stand, and will be one of the best in the State this year and in the future. The tin-shop alone will and does pay well, as there are none nearer than Millheim and Centre Hall, both about 6 miles off. We can convince any parties wishing to buy that it is a good business point. Will sell store room and contents at first cost. Our reason for selling is that one of us expects to be away a greater part of this summer in the water and steam governor business, in which we have lately become largely interested, and our business in the Bellefonte store requiring our whole attention. This is a good chance for any one desiring this line of business. For particulars, inquire of the below mentioned firm at their place of business in Bellefonte. THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

Spring Mills Market.

White Wheat,	1 15
Red "	1 15.
Rye, 50c.	
Corn, ears, per bu. new,	.45c
Oats, 25c.	
Buckwheat, 75c.	
Cloverseed, $3.00 to $4.00	
Chop, per ton, $23.00.	
Plaster, ground per ton, $10.00	
Flour, per bbl, $6.25	
Butter, 18c.	
Tallow, 7c.	
Hams 11c.	
Shoulders 7c.	
Sides 7c.	
Rags, 2c.	
Eggs per doz., 10c.	
Coal, Egg, per ton,	$4.50.
" Stove,	4.60.
" Chestnut,	4.25.
" Pea,	3.00.

——It is hoped that the young men of this vicinity will take hold of the movement to organize a Military Company at Centre Hall. A meeting will be held on Saturday evening, 11 inst., in Gift & Flory's shop, at 7:30 p. m. Come. Z.

——Motto and picture frames, at John C. Miller & Co's. book store, Bellefonte.

——At Newman's Clothing store they pay out gold as change.

The bands of Nez Perces Indians are to be united.

Does that mean more gun music?

——New names added to the list of candidates this week are: Assembly, W. A. Murray; Prothonotary, S. G. Herring, and B. F. Shafer and J. C. Harper; Commissioner, J. H. Hahn. Sheriff, George Hoffer, of Petter.

——Henry Boozer has taken the contract for carrying mail from Centre Hall to Spring Mills—trips daily and connects with stages for Bellefonte and Milroy at ncon at this place.

——Newman will give you fits and charge you less money for it than any one else in the county. Newman can give you the latest styles and at far better bargains than elsewhere. Newman does the biggest business in clothing in this county. Men and boys who want fits and latest styles, and at lowest prices, go to Newman's Clothing Hall, and you will make a good bargain. Don't forget this.

——The Model Book store, at Bellefonte, well known as Welch's, has again undergone a change in the firm. Mr. Welch so long connected with it has retired, and sold his interest to Mr. John S. Lyon. The Model Book store will be carried on at the old stand, as heretofore under the new firm name of John C. Miller & Co. Call and see them if you want any thing in the line of books, stationery or fancy articles, you will meet with kind treatment.

——Mr. Meyer's re-election as Co Supt. was unanimous—there was nothing in the past three years of his incumbency that would justify any different result.

The number of directors in attendance was 100.

——New York and Philadelphia greenies are making a big fuss over the trip of the Tally Ho stage, the other day, from New York to Philadelphia, 90 miles, in one day. Big crowds in both cities turned out, as also along the route. If those green city folks want some genuine stage riding, let them come to Centre Hall and ride over the Seven Mountains, and they will have something far better and healthier than gapping crowds, flags, banners, etc, and a good old shaking up, as can only be furnished by one of our country routes—with none of your fancy "Tally Ho stuff" about it.

——Among the meetings to be held in Paris this summer will be one of beemasters and insectologists, when insects noxious to vines and agriculture will be discussed, with a view to all sorts of lethal experiments. The Colorado beetle will meet with special attention.

The Colorado beetle has received a little more attention in these parts than he cared about, and the potato bugger would no doubt be satisfied if let alone and the Paris green crop were a failure.

——Confectioneries, wholesale and retail, at John C. Miller & Co's. book store, Bellefonte.

——Mr. Wm. Wolf has received a larger stock of new goods than ever before brought to this valley.

——Books and stationery, very low at John C. Miller & Co's. book store, Bellefonte.

——For the best groceries go to Sechler & Co.—you get any thing there you want in their line. They sell at prices to suit the times. Stoneware wholesale and retail, confectioneries, canned and dried fruit, and hundreds of other articles, all fresh and pure.

New whiskey frauds in Cincinnati.

We have a great notion to spell programme minus its terminalsme—as a common sense way of reaching the pronunciation.

Hewitt, democrat, has introduced a bill for reduction in pay and force of army. Right.

There is no indication as yet, notwithstanding recent confessions, that either Hayes or Beecher will resign.

The latest deadly blunder by a drug clerk was in Cincinnati. He put up morphine powders instead of quinine.

The Cashier of the Credit Foncier Bank of St. Petersburg has been arrested for misappropriating $1,875,000 of the reserve capital and specie.

DIED.

In Benner twp., at the residence of Mr. Samuel Hazel, Miss Christina Fietis Breon, aged 19 years, 8 months and 12 days.

On 4, near Potters Mills, Mr. Evan Evans, aged near 64 years.

Last week, in Haines township, Mrs. Stover, wife of Jacob H. Stover, aged about 68 years.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of George Schmeltzer, of Miles township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated by law for settlement.

BENJ. SCHMELTZER,
ADAM SHAFER, Jr.,
9 may 6t. Executors.

MRS. HARRIET FIGLES,
FASHIONABLE DRESSMAK'R
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Offers her services to the ladies of Centre Hall and vicinity, in all kinds of work pertaining to dress making. Terms reasonable, and satisfaction guaranteed. Kindly solicits a share of patronage.
2 may 3m

BONNETS, TRIMMINGS, MILLINERY,

At Mrs. Lucy Henny's, Centre Hall, who has just received from Philadelphia, the LATEST FASHIONS, and a complete stock of new Bonnets, new Hats, elegant Trimmings, &c., which will be sold or made up, at reasonable prices. Also, old ladies Dress Caps.

The new styles are very pretty. Ladies call and see them early. First come, first served. 2 may 4t

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the books of Miller & Son have been placed in the hands of John Shannon, Esq., for collection, where all persons interested will please call without delay and have accounts adjusted.

2 may 2t. MILLER & SON, Centre Hall, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Frederick Krumrine, of Ferguson twp., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement. ADAM KRUMRINE,
2 may 6t. Admr.

☞BARGAINS.

Bargains!

Bargains!

In MEN'S and BOYS,

BOOTS and SHOES!

also a LARGE VARIETY of

CHILDREN'S SHOES, at

LOUIS DOLL'S Shoe Store,

opposite the Bush house, Bellefonte, room formerly occupied by John Powers. apr25y

Congress will now undoubtedly investigate the Florida presidential steal. The nastiest feature connected with it is the evidence showing that Hayes, through his confidential friend ex-gov. Noyes of Ohio, was a party to the fraud, by promises to "take care of the perpetrators.

America's most astonishing exhibit at the Paris Fair is her preposterous crowd of Commissioners. In that she beats all creation. Where other countries are content with a modest half dozen, she puts in a gross. The puny representation of products for such a prodigious supply of Commissioners is Falstaff's pennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.

BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL NOT AT AN END.

New York, May 5.—A confirmatory statement is being prepared by Mrs. Theodore Tilton to sustain by evidence her recent confession. In this statement she will arrange dates, locations and circumstances connected with her avowed intercourse with Mr. Beecher, whose friends are preparing for the conflict. It is stated that Mr. Thomas Shearman has collected all the denials of her guilt and will meet her coming statement with them. Mr. Tilton returned to New York on the 7:35 train from Philadelphia last night.

HOW FOUR HUNTERS WERE MURDERED.

Lincoln, Neb., May 2.—The intelligence of a wholesale slaughter in the western part of this State has just reached this city. Luther Holbrook, Herman Allen and two brothers named Sutton were encamped on the Dismal River, trapping and hunting. Nothing had been heard from them for two months until to-day, when a letter was received from one Vansickles, who has a ranche twenty-seven miles from the camp on Dismal River, stating that the body of Holbrook and one of the Sutton boys had been found with bullet-holes through their heads. Their revolvers and guns were near. A man named Hargraves had a camp near-by and had quarrelled with Holbrook and threatened to leave his carcass in the sand-hills. Parties have gone out to the scene of the murder.

FIVE MEN KILLED.

Memphis, May 1.—Five men were killed by an explosion on the tow boat Warner to-day. All the wounded are doing well.

—Get a brick of maple sugar at Sechler's and make the finest syrup in the world.

Philadelphia, May 5.—Saunders McCullough, a wealthy citizen of Oxford Borough, Pa., having been awakened by the spring of a burglar alarm in his house Friday night, arose, and in the excitement and darkness shot his wife, who was also groping about the room.

The New York elevated railroad is in operation between Trinity Church and Central Park.

The Albion lead works, at Taunton, Mass., were destroyed by fire Wednesday night. Loss, $80,000.

MARKET STREET IMPROVEMENT.

Another Large Business Establishment to be Erected.

Business improvements on Market street steadily continue, notwithstanding the dullness and the general complaints of hard times. This is true, more especially of the blocks between Seventh and Ninth streets, on which, since 1875, several fine business houses have been erected. When sales have been made in this locality the prices realized have been fully up to any previous time. Property on Market street is held at even higher figures than on Chestnut street or elsewhere in the city. Another extensive improvement is now contemplated by one of our Market street firms, and which will be one of the finest that our city has yet witnessed. Messrs. Strawbridge & Clothier, of Eighth and Market streets, have just completed a contract for the erection of a five-story stone building on their properties, Nos. 805, 807 and 809 Market street, adjoining their present store, at the corner of Eighth street, and on completion the whole will be thrown into one building, making one of the finest stores in the city, with a frontage on Market street of over ninety feet. The improvement is one that cannot fail to be a credit, not only to the street, but to the city. Everything about the building is to be of the best and most substantial character. Careful study has been given to every detail of construction. All the latest improvements have been adopted, including steam elevators, which will make the upper floors as available and convenient as the first floor itself. The building operations will begin about June 1st, and it is expected that in a little over three months the completed store will be thrown open to the public.—*Phila. Press, May 4th.*

The continued rising of the Seine has occasioned great trouble in Paris this month. There was fear that it would affect the Exhibition building.

The Trocadero place, on which are erected the accessory buildings of the Paris Fair, is a relic of the munificence of Napoleon III. and of the go-aheadism of Baron Haussmann.

By a report presented to the German Federal Council it appears that the excavations in the territory of Olympus, Greece, have, within the last two years produced 587 objects in marble, 1,928 in bronze, 420 in silver, 388 medals, and 200 inscriptions.

Shafer, the Adams county wife murderer has been convicted.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 293, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. P. SARKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 437, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HEILACHER, Sect. D. C. KELLER W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P. of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after. Jas. A. Keller Master. LEONARD RHOAD, Sect.

NOTICE is hereby given that H. C. Yeager has filed his petition for license, in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in and for Centre county, and that application will be made on the fourth (4) day of June next, to said Court to grant the same.

A. WILLIAMS, Clerk.
9 may 1t

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS!

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS,

The only sure cure for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Billious complaints and Blood Disorders. None genuine unless signed, "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your Druggist will not supply send 25 cts for one box to Barrick, Keller & Co., 70 N. 4th st. Philadelphia. 3jan1y ar 8p

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF

FISH!!

-AT VALENTINE'S STORE,-

THIS SPRING.

QUALITY AND WEIGHT GUARANTEED.

Handling only superior quality, and full weight Kits, (20 lbs. FISH,) and quarter barrels, (50 lbs. FISH.)

This season has caused a considerably increased demand at our Store for FISH. The quantity sold of Mackeral, Lake Herring and Siscoes, is more than double what it was last year. Call and Examine.

VALENTINES & CO.

HUMES' BLOCK, BELLEFONTE, PA.

New Millinery and Fancy Goods Store, at Potters Mills.

MRS. ANNA M. WEAVER

Takes pleasure in announcing to the people of Potters Mills and vicinity, that she will open a NEW and ELEGANT STOCK OF FANCY GOODS, in connection with a Large Stock of *MILLINERY SPRING GOODS.* A full line of Choice and Fashionable Goods always on hand at popular Prices.

Also DRESSMAKING—and takes in all kinds of Family Sewing. Also Hair Dressing, Switches, Curls, Finger Puffs, and Frizzes made out of Combings.
18 ap 3m

TO SAVE MONEY IS THE OBJECT OF EVERY HOUSEKEEPER AND individual in these times. HOW TO SAVE IT IS THE QUESTION. In answer to this question we respectfully refer the reader below:

A DOLLAR JUDICIOUSLY SPENT WILL GO A GREAT WAYS---AS FOLLOWS---

WE ARE SELLING WE ARE SELLING.

25 Yards of Calico for 1 dollar.
20 Yards of Muslin for 1 dollar.
12½ Yards of Gingham for 1 dollar.

10 Pounds of White Sugar for 1 dollar.
5 Pounds of Prime Green Coffee for 1 dollar.
4 Pounds of Roasted Coffee for 1 dollar.

WHY DO YOU SPEND YOUR MONEY FOOLISHLY?

When you can buy

Calicoes for 4 cents per yard.
Muslins for 5 cents per yard.
Ginghams for 8 cents per yard.
Shoes for 1 dollar a pair.
Hose for 5 cents a pair.
Handkercheifs for 5 cents a piece.
Neck Ties for 10 cents a piece.
Ladies Trimmed Hats at 50 cents.

When you can buy

Sugar for 7 cents a pound,
Coffee for 20 cents a pound.
Soap for 2 cents a cake.
PLOW SHOES FOR $1.25 A PAIR.
CALF BOOTS FOR 2 DOLLAS A PAIR.
MEN'S SUITS AS LOW AS 3 DOLLARS.
MEN'S HATS AT 50 CENTS.
MEN'S HOSE AT 5 CENTS.
Fine Dress Percals at 8 cents.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

The largest stock ever before offered in any country store—250 new styles just received. Oil Cloths, Window Shadins, Window Fixtures, Dress Trimmings in all the immense varieties of all the new styles. Buttons Gimps, Silk and Woolen Fringes, Trimming Silks, etc., etc., etc.

SPRING SHADES, PLAID, AT 8 CENTS.
SPRING SHADES, PLAID, AT 9 CENTS.
SPRING SHADES, PLAID, AT 10 CENTS.
SPRING SHADES, BOURETTES, AT 10 CENTS.
SPRINGS SHADES, BOURERETTES, AT 12½ CENTS.
SPRING SHADES, KNICKERBOCKERS, AT 10 CENTS.

SPRING SHADES, KNICKERBOCKES, AT 12½ CENTS.

BLACK ALL WOOL CASHMERES AT 50 CTS. WORTH 75 CTS.
BLACK ALL WOOL CASHMERES AT 60 CENTS. WOTTH 85 CTS.
BLACK ALL WOOL CASHMERES AT 70 CENTS. WORTH 90 CTS.
ALPACAS AT 15 CENTS.
ALPACAS AT 20 CENTS.
ALPACAS AT 25 CENTS.

It is time well spent and money saved to come over the mountain to

Buy goods of

S. & A. LOEB, Bellefonte.

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patterns; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

AT COST!

SPRING and SUMMER GOODS!

In great abundance, at GRENINGER'S STORE, Coburn Station,

A full line of general merchandise carefully selected, and embracing all manner of

Dress Goods,
Carpets, Oil cloths,
Groceries, Glassware,
Tinware, Queensware,
Fish, &c., &c.

FURNISHING GOODS of all kinds.

Hats and Caps For men, boys and children.

Ladies and Gentlemen

call and be convinced that this is the cheapest place to buy goods in this section.

PRODUCE received in exchange for goods.

Remember the place—at S. GRENINGER'S, Coburn.
jan 31 y

Jas. Harris & Co.

NO. 5, BROCKERHOFF ROW.

HARDWARE,

IRON, NAILS,

PAINTS,

OILS, ETC.,

JAS. HARRIS & CO. Bellefonte.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

HURRAH FOR

GUGGENHEIMER & COMP.

FROM THIS DATE (THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEWING SEASON,)

I. GUGGENHEIMER,

Offers his immense Stock of Goods, well assorted in every line, such as

DRESS GOODS,

NOTIONS, NOTIONS,
GROCERIES, GROCERIES,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, BOOTS,
SHOES, SHOES,

HATS & CAPS,

at such Figures that it is a shame for any one to go away from home to Buy, when Goods are offered at home at prices that will astonish the people in this section of the country.

THE STORE ROOM AT SPANGLER'S Hotel, has been enlarged and splendidly fitted up, so that every one who goes in to examine the stock of Goods, is sure not to leave without buying. You will also find a very large and well selected

STOCK OF CLOTHING.

IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO BUY YOUR CLOTHING AT HOME INSTEAD OF GOING AWAY.

25 GOLD BORDERED Cards for 20 cts. 20 Black Bristol name in gold, 15 cts.
WM. KURTZ, Centre Hall, Pa.

W. R. CAMP'S

POPULAR

Furniture Rooms!

CENTRE HALL, PA.

I manufacture all kinds of Furniture for Chambers, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy until you see my stock.

UNDERTAKING

In all its branches. I keep in stock all the latest and most improved Coffins and Caskets, and have every facility for properly conducting this branch of my business. I have a patent Corpse Preserver, in which bodies can be preserved for a considerable length of time.

jul19 tf W. R. CAMP.

AUCTIONEER'S CARD.—Philip Teats, who has had large experience as an auctioneer, offers his services to the people of Centre county. He speaks both German and English, and possesses the invaluable gift in an auctioneer of a loud, clear voice, and can be distinctly heard a long distance. Those having work of this kind to do, will do well to give him a call. Charges moderate. Call on or address him at Bellefonte, Pa. 17 ap.

J. H. HAZEL,
Cabinet Maker & Undertaker,
SPRING MILLS, PA.,

informs the public that he keeps on hand all kinds of furniture, City and Home-made, cane and wood seat chairs, etc. Undertaking in all its branches promptly attended to. Coffins and Caskets of all styles furnished; and accommodations with hearse.
4 apr. 6m.

Visiting Cards.

50 Mixed Cards 20 cts—12 Beautiful Floral cards only 20 cts.
WM. KURTZ, Centre Hall, Pa.

HENRY BOOZER,
CENTRE HALL,
MANUFACTURER OF

Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Flynets, and also keeps on hand Cotton Nets, etc. Prices low as any where else. All kinds of repairing done. The best stock always kept on hand. All work warranted. A share of the public patronage is kindly solicited. 11 apr, 1y

W. A. CURRY,
Boot & Shoe Maker,
CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable Give him a call. feb18 1y

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law. Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds Mortgages, &c. Office in the diamond, north side of the court house, Bellefonte. oct25 6m

Harness, Saddles, &c.

The undersigned, determined to meet the popular demand for lower prices, respectfully calls the attention of the public to his stock of

SADDLERY

now offered at the old stand. Designed especially for the people and the times, the largest and most varied and complete assortment of Saddles, Harness, Collars Bridles, of every description and quality, Whips, and in fact everything to complete a first class establishment, he now offers at prices which will suit the times.
JACOB DINGES Centre Hall.

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NAME.	POST OFFICE.	BUSINESS	CLASS	AMT.
Alexander, J R & C T	Bellefonte	Coal, &c	13	10 75
Adams, Oscar	Philipsburg	Merchant	14	7 75
Ayres, D	"	do	14	7 75
Brew, S A & Son	Bellefonte,	Grocer	12	12 25
Brockerhoff, A	"	Flour & Feed	14	7 75
Blair, F P	"	Jeweler	14	7 75
Brown, E Jr	"	Grocer	14	7 75
Beezer, Ferdinan	"	Whisky distiller	9	25 75
Brackbill, John	"	Furniture store	14	7 75
Banel & Akens	"	Music store	14	7 75
Bonk & Stewart	"	Merchant	14	7 75
Boggs, A T	Snow Shoe	Merchant	14	7 75
Brown, H	Milesburg	Grocer	14	7 75
Bonk, G R	Hublersburg	Merchant	13	10 75
Bilner, J W	Pine Glenn	do	14	7 75
Cook, J W	Wolf's Store	do	14	7 75
Cender, Joseph	Bellefonte	do	13	10 75
Cruse, A J	"	Confectioner	14	7 75
Craininger, Samuel	"	Tobacconist	14	7 75
Campbell, E C	Coburn	Merchant	14	7 75
Cook, Robert	Millheim	do	14	7 75
Copenhaver, John	Howard	do	14	7 75
Curtin & Co	Olivia Blair Co	Whisky distiller	9	25 75
Davis E A	Philipsburg	Merchants	11	16 75
Dunlap, James & Co	Pine Grove	Jeweler	14	7 75
Dhiel, John	Howard	Merchant	14	7 75
Dininger, J O	Centre Hall	Hardware	14	7 75
Dinges, J N	Boalsburg	do	14	7 75

Near-Sightedness.

The following interesting and instructive article on "Myopia; or Near-Sightedness," is from the pen of an authority, a Chicago optician: This defect is comparatively easy to detect, especially in the higher grades; yet there are some phases of it that require extreme caution and delicate manipulation to arrive at a complete understanding of their condition.

Myopia, or near-sightedness is, more popularly speaking, a disease rather than a structural defect in the eye. This disease, however, has the effect of causing a change in the construction, thus producing the same result; it is generally conceded to be hereditary, accumulating in posterity, and when once developed, even in a very slight degree, its tendency is to increase and assume a more decided form and higher degree. It consists in a diminution of the far point of vision, and the consequent inability to perceive and recognize objects lying beyond this distance, which varies more or less with the grade or degree of the imperfection.

In the low or medium grades, which are the most numerous, objects lying within this visual distance are seen just as distinctly and with less straining or exercise of the muscle of accommodation than is experienced by a person having normal or perfect vision.

But the myopic eye is largely deficient in penetration, and requires much stronger illumination, especially at night, to render objects distinctly visible within the same proportionate distance, as compared with the results obtained from experiments with normal or perfect vision under the same circumstances.

To illustrate: Assume normal vision in daylight to be represented by 100, that of a myope in the same light and upon the same basis to be seventy-five, then try the experiment with weaker illuminations, say at night, and again let the acuteness or penetration of perfect vision be represented by 100, the experiment will show the acuteness of the myope to be diminished to a range of from forty-five to fifty-five. This want of acuteness will only prove true, for distance, while for near vision the opposite is the case, the myopic eye being able to see under weak illumination with less proportionate weakness than is experienced in perfect vision.

In the myopic eye, when ocular estimation of distance is to be made, the tendency is to *over* rather than under-estimate it. This has appeared very prominently in estimating the distance of lights at night. As applied to railway or vessel management this, when combined with the want of penetration, will prove to be the most serious defect noticed under this phase of imperfect vision. The different forms and degrees of the defects classed under this head the most numerous of all structural or optical imperfections of the eye, and they have an existence in a low or medium grade in a very large proportion of the population without there ever being a suspicion of their presence.

The comparative frequency of nearsightedness has been the subject of discussion a great many times, and it is found to prevail to a much larger extent in the cities than in the country. This difference has been ascribed to a variety of causes, among which is the fact that persons living in cities have but little occasion to relax the muscle of accommodation for infinite distance, they being habituated to using their eyes for comparatively short distances; hence the muscles become accustomed to these shorter distances, thus losing much of their natural power of relaxation beyond certain points through want of exercise. This is also increased and fostered by the studious habits of the American people generally, and the defect is undoubtedly acquired in a great number of instances through the prolonged tension of muscular accommodation in studying, by children at school. It will be an interesting as well as important fact to notice in this connection some of the results of the examination of a large number of school children. Drs. Ayres and Williams examined the eyes of 1,264 pupils in different departments of the Cincinnati public schools, which showed the proportion of nearsightedness in the district schools to be 13.3 per cent.; intermediate schools 13.8 per cent.; and in the high schools, 22.8 per cent. These results correspond with those obtained from examinations made in Brooklyn and in the College of the City of New York.

It may not be uninteresting to notice the fact that of the large number of cases of color-blindness which I have had the privilege of examining during the past seven years, a large proportion were found to have a low grade of nearsightedness combined with some one of the forms of color-blindness. The dangerous character of the error depending upon this defect for development lies mainly in the general progressive nature of the disease, which at first may be of a low grade, but soon increases and forms a higher grade; every step in the progression becoming more and more marked as an element susceptible of causing false perceptions and thereby incorrect judgment. Growing out of this is the diminished penetration and over-estimation of distance which attend the defect in both the high and low grades.

It might not be out of place in this connection to say that this defect can be almost entirely neutralized by spectacles properly selected and adjusted; but the diseased condition nearly always attending it generally demands some medical treatment, especially in the higher grades, before glasses can be properly adapted to the eye. Insuperable objections, however, attend the use of spectacles in railway service in many of its branches.

Curious Discoveries.

The old question, where do all the pins go to? is not near so interesting as this conundrum: How do things get where they are found? The poems of Propertius, a Latin poet who lived half a century before the Christian Era, were found in a wine-cellar. The discovery was made in the nick of time, for the mildew and the rats had begun their destructive work on the parchment manuscripts. But how came these poems in that wine cellar? Did some bottler, a lover of the muse, carry them down to read during intervals of rest, and then, overcome by the fumes of his own wine, forget to carry them away?

It is said that one of the cantos of Dante's "Inferno" was found, after being long mislaid, hidden away beneath a window-sill. Who hid the precious manuscript? Did he hope a reward would be offered for its recovery?

We can understand how "Luther's Table Talk" came to be hidden in the foundations of an old house. Pope Gregory XIII ordered its suppression, and so it became dangerous for any one to be found in possession of the book. When discovered, it was "lying in a deep obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without." The man who hid it was determined that the book should be read by somebody when better days had come.

An old cabinet held for time a forgotten manuscript which the world is glad the author found. It was the first volume of "Waverly." "I had written," says Scott, "the greatest part of the first volume, and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the manuscript, and only found it by the merest accident, as I was rummaging the drawer of an old cabinet, and I took the fancy of finishing it."

The Baobab Tree.

A curious peculiarity of this tree, found in Africa and Madagascar, is that scarcely any injury will destroy it. Fire scorching the exterior does not impair its vitality. Nor can it be injured from within, as it is quite common to find it hollow. Even cutting down does not exterminate it, for it continues to grow in length while lying on the ground, and its roots, which reach forty or fifty yards from the trunk, retain their vitality. Although the tree attains an enormous age, Livingstone having examined one which he judged to be 1,400 years old, it is attacked by a disease which affects its woody structure, so in course of time its own weight causes it to fall in a mass of ruins.

"Old Residenter."

You couldn't call him a sportsman by any strain on your imagination, and yet he was by no means a loafer, though he did talk with a drawl which indicated that he didn't regard time as a very valuable commodity. He sat on the fence as the train came up to Siegfried's Bridge, with the three Easton fancy gunners aboard, whom he was to pilot across the country after quail. His gun having the lock tied on with a string, reposed across his knees, and his dog, looking like the ghost of starvation, reposed at his feet. The Easton men came up to him.

"Do you know Abe Hertzog?"

"Y-a-a-s, I know him."

"Where can we find him?"

"R-i-g-h-t h'yar, I guess."

"Are you Mr. Hertzog?"

"Y-a-a-s! that's what I'm taxed for anyway."

"Jimminy!" said one of the party, *sotto voce*, "can this be the man that Cap told us was personally acquainted with every quail family in Allen Township?"

"You fellers want to go arter some quails, eh?"

"That's what we come for. Do you know anything about them?"

"W-a-a-l, yaas; I can tell one when I see it."

"What kind of a gun have you got there?"

"W-a-a-l, ye see, mister, that gun's an old residenter; bin into our family ever since the first old Hertzog moved up hyar. That gun's a rifle, mister, and she shoots mighty quick. Handle her a little careful, mister," he continued, as he handed the old thing over for inspection; "she has a way of tumbling apart if she's used rough-like."

The old rifle had a barrel about as large as a fence rail, with iron enough in it for a young Gatling-gun, and a bore not larger than a healthy rye straw, while all the stock it had was absorbed in a brass trap-door leading into a cellar smelling of verdigris and filled with grease and little pieces of rags.

"How do you kill anything with this; knock it down?"

"W-a-a-l, yes! sometimes. That's the way I busted the stock thar whar the rawhide bandage air, a-knockin' a fellow down what made fun of it."

At this point the investigator suddenly lost interest in the gun, and the party moved off into the country. As they climbed the fifteenth fence, the old man paused on the top rail and waved his hand indefinitely over the fields before them.

"Gents, there's quails all about hyar and over yander—yaas, and thar's one on 'em now," he added, as he drew up Old Residenter and knocked it over where it sat.

"What! do you shoot a bird on the ground? Why, old man, that's infernal potting."

"S'that so?" inquired the old man, humbly, as he picked up a piece of his gun-stock that had been jarred off by the shot.

Just then a small covey of the birds took wing, and the man who scorned pot-hunting blazed away with both barrels of a costly breach-loader and missed.

"Whar! whar do you shoot 'em, mister?" inquired the old man, quietly, as he put his patch and bullet on the muzzle of his rifle, which he held between his legs while he rammed the charge home, and then as a stray bird flew overhead, he raised and dropped it. "Is that ar' the way you want it done, mister?"

The objector said nothing, and the gunning proceeded; but it soon became evident that the sportsmen were doing the gunning and the old man was doing the shooting. The lock tumbled off his gun occasionally, and the barrel had a loose habit of parting company with the stock; but the old man had a pocket full of strings, and as fast as it gave out he tied it up, and made ready to shoot whenever a bird showed, and he occasionally varied the monotony of the proceedings by coolly blazing into the bushes, whereupon his mean-looking dog would rush in and drag out a dead rabbit.

The Easton party hunted faithfully, according to their lights, and shot upon the most scientific principles; but, somehow, the old man got the game, as the count showed five quail and a pheasant among the three for the day's work, while Mr. Hertzog toddled along under twenty-two quail and four rabbits; and, as they sat on the board-pile at the depot bargaining for the old man's lot, he remarked:

"Ye see, gents, Old Residenter be'ant much of a gun to look at. She ain't purty nor handsome at all, but I tell you she's mighty on the shoot. All you's got to do is jest to grease the patch right well, and ram the ball down close, and then, if you pint her at a bird and pull, that bird's got to stop. Leastwise, I allers find it so. Ye see, gents, where a man has such a awfully purty gun his 'tention's kinder taken up admirin' of it, like, and the bird goes away after he shoots. Leastwise I allers find it so."

Just then the lock dropped off "Old Residenter" for the eleventh time, and, as the old man wasn't going to shoot any more that day, he put it in his pocket along with his game money, saying:

"Thank ye, gents, thankee. Come up soon again, and I'll take Old Residenter out any time; we'll be purty sure to get something." And he meanders off into the Indian summer haze.—*Easton (Pa.) Free Press.*

Homesickness as a Disease.

Tho last published volume of the "Dict. de Medecine" has an interesting article on nostalgia, by Dr. H. Rey. He regards it as a form of insanity. It is not often observed in childhood nor in advanced age, and is much less frequent in women than in men. It is most common in the young conscript drawn from the country, who enters the infantry; the town lad is too much accustomed to change and the bustle of life; while the cavalry soldier is too much occupied to have time to think over his separation from the place where his affections are centered. M. Rey states that the men of Bretagne are most liable to homesickness, as many cases occurring in those from this district as from the whole of the rest of France put together. The symptoms of nostalgia are, that the patient becomes sad and taciturn, forbears to eat, retires to weep alone, and gives himself up to long reveries of home. After a time, if he goes beyond this first stage, he begins to bear the aspect of ill health, and suffers from headache and sleeplessness; and if the disease still advances, delirium, prostration, diarrhea, and marasmus come on, terminating in death. Sometimes, he says, even old soldiers do not escape the malady. It is in hard times that this occurs, when fighting has to be done in retreat, and when other troubles are added to the bitterness of defeat; when he feels himself forsaken; when he is exposed to cold, is hungry, has to sleep on damp soil, and is suffering frightful thirst from his wounds; perhaps is taken prisoner, or droops under the diseases that spring from misery—scurvy, typhus, or dysentery; under these circumstances, the remembrance of the country he has left behind him, of the mother, the wife, or the home, awakens and brings a tear into the eyes of the bravest.

Saved for Greatness.

Madame de Maintenon, who became the wife of Lonis XIV. of France, and for the last thirty years of his life exercised a controlling influence over his opinions and policy, had a narrow escape from premature burial in childhood. Her parents migrated from France to the Isle of Martinique when she was ten years old. On the voyage she was taken ill, and the sickness ended in apparent death. The funeral rites were over; the last look taken of the body about to be dropped into the sea; a cannon was loaded to be fired over the corpse; when the mother, ordinarily unloving, insisted on seeing her child once more. To her surprise, she found the heart still beating, and in a delirum of joy, declared that the child was not dead, but would recover. The hope, born of rapture, proved a true prophecy; and the little girl, so nearly given to burial in the ocean, was spared to become one of the most distinguished women in French history.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Nerves.

You tell me your nerves are so fragile,
And probably, Lucy, you're right;
But that seems a fine way of saying
You're easily thrown in a fright.

Did nerves make you shriek with such loudness
When Carlo's tooth bruised you in play,
Declare you would have hydrophobia,
And cry nearly all the next day?

Do nerves make you rush for the pillows,
Whenever a thunderstorm's near,
And stop both your ears with your fingers
And act almost frantic with fear?

Do nerves make you fly from a beetle,
And yell if a snake's within sight,
And not for a million of money,
Dare sleep all alone in the night?

Well, Lucy, your nerves may be fragile;
I don't contradict you, my dear;
But I know a good definition
For people who won't conquer fear.

It's better to give a thing, always,
Exactly the name it deserves;
And if one's an out-and-out coward,
I laugh when I hear about "nerves."

Edgar Fawcett.

"Ishpo."

The old red barn had stood at the end of the lane for years, even before the academy had been built at Greenville. It was in ruins now; its days of usefulness had gone; it was the home of rats, and sometimes a shelter for stray tramps who might venture down the lane. It had once been the Saturday play-house of the academy boys, as the sides and corners could well testify; and all the loose boards were well whittled with the jack-knife—that most wonderful of all knives in the eyes of an American boy. But the old barn had stood the storms and sunshine of many years, and was likely to stand in ruins for many years to come. Here and there were patches of different boards from the original red, and the one window was boarded up with an old door that had once been painted green.

But the most curious patch on the barn was directly over the door, where a board had vanished, and an old blackboard with white letters taken its place. The letters were old and faded, and occupied all of the opening. The letters looked like this:

ISHPO.

Now the curiosity of the boys had been excited for a long time to discover the meaning of "ishpo," or what other letters put at the beginning and ending of "ishpo," could make that outlandish word into anything possible to understand.

Many times the boys at the academy had pondered over the enigma; even men, in passing through the lane, would look with some curiosity on the black patch on the old red barn, and as they hurried along into the city would say to themselves:

"Ishpo;" and what is that, I wonder? Every boy in the Greenville Academy had thumbed Webster's Dictionary nearest at hand in search of "Ishpo," and left the book no wiser for the search.

But the mystery of the old red barn was to be unraveled at last. As year after year went by and the boys had become used to the strange word, and some of them entirely forgotten it, a new idea accurred to Dick.

He was enjoying a half holiday and was lying on the grass under the trees on a very hot day, when his eyes happened to rest on the mysterious word.

It seemed to have a new meaning to the boy, now. He had gazed on it for years, but he now wondered why he had never thought before to tear off the old patch, and see if there were other letters with ishpo. But how to accomplish that task without being seen by the owner of the barn, who was a sour-tempered old man, he had yet to discover. Going back to the school buildings he found his comrades, and confided to them his plan and asked their aid. All readily joined in the undertaking, and they formed themselves into a society for the express purpose of discovering the origin and meaning of the word "ishpo."

They were to wait for a dark night, and then meet at the old barn, where by the united strength of the party, they could tear the old patch from the red boards and examine the side nailed to the barn.

That very night was favorable for the enterprise, for it was dark, and so very close and uncomfortable within the buildings that permission was given the boys by the professor to take a stroll down the lane, before retiring for the night.

Eagerly they all set out for the old ruin, but had scarcely gained the shelter when the storm that had been gathering for hours, burst in all its fury of wind and lightning, and the loose boards and trash around the barn were thrown about in great confusion, and the boys escaped to the open lane.

The old red barn was blown down in the gale!

The next morning in the beautiful sunshine the boys hastened to the spot, and there, still nailed to the barn, was the old patch with its mysterious letters. A few minutes and the old board was torn from the door and eagerly examined by the boys.

The letter F was found, very bright from its long imprisonment, to head the word "ishpo," and the two letters nd ended the mysterious word.

"Nothing but a fishpond," said the boys, as they went back to school for the day.—*New York Tribune.*

Story of an Apron.

And of all little aprons that hung upon the line that windy March day, Nainsook was the very proudest. She flaunted her ruffles, flung out her long ties, dipped, dived and soared higher in the breeze than any other.

And when blue Gingham snapped against her she screamed:

"Keep away, Ginghy; you'll leave a blue mark on me if you don't take care!"

"Don't be so proud, Nainsook; I'd rather be myself any day than a poor armless thing like you. It's Nellie and I that love fun. It's Nellie and I that play in the sand, and it's Nellie and I that make real make-believe cookies out of flour, too. When she has you on, you are so stuck up and afraid your starch will get out, or ruffles unfluted, that she has to sit in chairs, and hardly dares to wiggle her toes."

"H'm! Arms are very unstylish for aprons, and I have ruffles instead. As to dirt, my taste don't run to playing in it, and when I come out of the drawer, Nellie is going to have company or go a-visiting."

"For my part," said the cambric with the pink buds, "I think Nellie and I have the best of times. We are together afternoons after she has been washed up. We play with our dolls then, or build block-houses."

Then the plain white linen made some sensible remarks, the calicoes spoke, and the braided pique, but Nainsook said no more, for she was very busy.

Only think, she had got one clothespin off her shoulder! if she could only wrench free from the other, what a grand time! Away from these common aprons, whose company she hated to be seen in! Off with the breeze to find some little princess who would be glad to see her!

A jerk and she was free! Floating high for one glad moment, the next cast down into the muddy lane, trampled upon by horses, nosed over by pigs, dirty and miserable.

At last came a boy along who fished her out on the end of a stick, and carried her home in that way.

"What yer got, Jim?" asked his mother.

"Er flag of liberty."

"Give her to me; she's an apurn an' will do fur one of the gurls; pity she ain't got no sleeves."

So it came that very day, as Nellie and Blue Gingham were chasing down the lane after a stray kitten, they saw a ragged little girl playing in the mud, and on her, all dirty and forlorn, poor Nainsook.

"That's my apron," cried Nellie.

"Tain't either," said the girl.

"What'll you give for her?"

"What do you want?"

"Would rather have that purty blue one; this aint got no arms."

Nellie thought a moment:

"Oh, no! if I give up my blue gingham I can't play out of doors, or in the kitchen, or have any more fun. I guess you may keep Nannie. Mamma had company yesterday, and I didn't have to be fixed up and sit still 'cause she was gone."

Nellie and Blue Gingham ran on, and poor Nainsook wished she had not been quite so nice or quite so proud.

Gunpowder.

With this all are somewhat acquainted. It is a condensed compound which, on the application of heat, springs into a large volume of gas (or kind of air) with great power. Half a gill of powder will suddenly produce gas enough to fill a barrel, or 2,000 half gills. Powder in very fine grains burns so fast and expands so quickly as to burst a cast iron gun; hence very coarse powder is used for cannon and large guns. Gunpowder is a mixture of about six ounces of niter (saltpeter) with one ounce of sulphur, and one ounce of charcoal. The charcoal used, is made of small willows carefully burned or heated in close vessels. The niter, sulphur and charcoal, are ground separately, then together moist, and afterward pressed into solid cakes and dried. These cakes are broken into small fragments, which are put into cylinders and kept revolving until the sharp corners are worn off and the surface of the grains is polished, when they are passed through sieves to assort the coarse and fine grains—the fine being used for small guns, and the large for cannons, for blasting rocks, etc. The fine dust, if packed in a solid mass so that the flame can not spread easily through it, burns slowly upon one side, and is used for fuses in bomb-shells and in blasting, for fire-works, etc.

Disagreeable Habits.

It is easy to form a disagreeable habit, but not so easy to drop it again. Persisted in, they become a second nature. Stop and think before you allow yourself to form them. There are disagreeable habits of the body, like scowling, winking, twisting the mouth, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling a key, or fumbling at a chain, drumming with the fingers, screwing and twisting a chair, or whatever you can lay your hands on. Don't do any of these things. Cultivate a calm, quiet manner. Better be a statue than a jumping-jack. There are much worse habits than these, to be sure, but we are speaking only of very little things that are only annoying when persisted in. There are habits of speech, also, such as beginning every speech with "you see," or "you know," "now-a," "I don't care," "tell you now." Indistinct utterance, sharp nasal tones, a slow drawl, avoid them all. Stop and think what you wish to say, and then let every word drop from your lips just as smooth and perfect as a new silver coin. Have a care about your ways of sitting, and standing, and walking. Before you know it, you will find your habits have hardened into a coat of mail that you cannot get rid of without a terrible effort—habits which render you obnoxious to all around you.

Hanging Basket.

Take an old pint dipper, and with a pair of pinchers wrench off the handle. Cut a slip of silver perforated cardboard long enough to go round the dipper and join, and about two holes wider. Join, and crochet a bottom to just fit the bottom of the dipper. With shaded orange single zephyr work the cardboard in rows, slipping a silver glass bead on each stitch. Crochet a border round the top with worsted; also crochet four cords to hang the basket with. Fill the dipper with rich earth, and plant Tradescantia, or anything which will live without drainage.

Words of Wisdom.

Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.

Sinful pollution is much easier communicated and spreak than holiness.

Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

When a man is happy, every effort to express his happiness mars its completeness.

Dignity is expressive, and without other good qualities, is not particularly profitable.

Men do not have their choice whether they will accept life or not, but they can choose how they will live.

There is hidden thunder in the stores of heaven, ready to burst with burning wrath, and blast the man who owes his greatness to the ruin of his neighbor.

Be not proud of riches but afraid of them, lest they be a silver bar to cross the way to heaven. You must answer for riches, but riches cannot answer for you.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

There is a beautiful precept which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: Excuse half, and forgive the rest.

Love is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a high degree is inspired by honor in a higher; it never reaches its plentitude of growth and perfection but in the most exalted minds.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness, the last without the first begets prodigality.

San Stefano.

San Stefano, where the peace negotiations between Russia and the porte were conducted, is under the shadow of the old walls, which have not been besieged for four hundred years. Close by are the Seven Towers, within whose massive keep a Russian ambassador has often been imprisoned, and the walled-up gate through which the Moslems expect that the Christians will re-enter Constantinople when they recapture it. Here, too, according to a London *Standard* correspondent; is the chapel in whose dovoutly worshipped wells live the miraculous fish which jumped out of the frying-pan on the day of the taking of Constantinople, and have lived on until now with one side cooked, and the other waiting until, in the fullness of things, it can in its turn be submitted to the fire. During the massacre of Chio, a number of Greek children who had been carried off by the Turks were ransomed and afterward educated by a philanthropic society. One of the boys who was ransomed and educated by Americans, has become a wealthy householder at San Stefano. It was under the roof of this Chiote exile, who had been trained by American missionaries, that the conqueror of Turkey, the Grand Duke Nicholas, received shelter while the diplomatists were chattering over the conditions of peace.

Capturing an Eagle's Nest.

Recently United States Deputy Marshal Dewing and a party went up the river to investigate the cutting of logs from the public lands. On Black Lake they discovered an immense eagle's nest in the topmost branches of a large tree, and began cutting the tree down. There was a young eagle in the nest, and when the cutting commenced the parent birds made hostile demonstrations, swooping down upon the party. The female was shot and killed. The wing of the male was broken by a shot, and he was captured after falling in the water. He was with considerable difficulty taken into the boat, knocking one of the men in the boat overboard by a stroke of his wing. The young bird was killed by the falling of the tree. The nest was twelve feet in diameter, and was constructed of at least three-quarters of a cord of wood, some of the pieces being four feet long and as large around as a man's leg. The old male bird measures seven feet and two inches from tip to tip.—*Shreveport (La.) Times.*

May-Day Customs.

Though May-pole and Morris dancing was the most common, there were other curious customs in different parts of Great Britain. In one place, the Mayers went out very early to the woods, and gathering green boughs, decorated every door with one. A house containing a sweetheart had a branch of birch, the door of a scold was disgraced with alder, and a slatternly person had the mortification to find a bough of a nut-tree at hers, while the young people who overslept found their doors closed by a nail over the latch.

In the Scottish Highlands, in the eighteenth century, the boys had a curious custom. They would go to the moors outside of the town, make a round table in the sod, by cutting a trench around it, deep enough for them to sit down to their grassy table. On this table they would kindle a fire and cook a custard of eggs and milk, a knead and cake of oatmeal, which was toasted by the fire. After eating the custard, the cake was cut into as many parts as there were boys; one piece was made black with coal, and then all put into a cap. Each boy was in turn blindfolded, and made to take a piece, and the one who selected the black one was to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favor they wished to ask for their harvest. The victim in that day had only to lean through the fire; but there is little doubt that the whole thing was a survival from the days when human beings were really sacrificed.

In the island of Lewis, in the west of Scotland, there prevails a custom of sending a man very early on May-day to cross a certain river, believing that if a woman crossed it first the salmon would not come into the stream for a year.

The Dutch May-pole is still different, being surrounded by trees stuck into flower-pots, and ornamented with gay-colored flags, and hoops with garlands and gilt balls hanging. Another sort had wooden dolls made to represent the figures of peasants, nailed against the pole by their hands and knees, as though climbing it. There were also figures of birds and people. In some parts of Germany it was the firm belief of the common people that certain ill-disposed beings met on a high mountain on May-day to dance and feast, with no good intentions to their human neighbors. Accordingly on the day before, every family was careful to have a thorn of a certain kind, which was stuck into the door as a protection.

The Scandinavians, whose first of May is not very balmy, had of old a curious fight between summer and winter. Winter—or the man representing him—was dressed in skins, armed with fire-forks, and threw snow-balls and pieces of ice. Summer was dressed in green leaves and summer dress. They had a mock fight which was called "Driving away Winter and welcoming Summer," and in the Isle of Man, where Norwegians had rule for many years, this custom lingered until very lately.

But as the years went on these merry games died out, and a few years ago May-day was in London simply the festival of chimney-sweeps and milkmaids, certainly a falling off from the times of King Henry VIII. The only traces of going-a-Maying were the garlands of the milkmaids and the Jack-in-the-green of the sweeps. The garland (so called) was made of silverplate, borrowed for the day, and fastened upon a sort of pyramid. Accompanying this droll garland were the maids themselves in gay dress, with ribbons and flowers, and attended by musicians who played for them to dance in the street. Sometimes a cow was dressed in festive array, with bouquets and ribbons on her horns, neck and tail, and over her back a net stuck full of flowers. Thus highly ornamented the meek creature was led through the streets.

The sweeps brought out the Jack-in-the-green, which was a tall cone made of green boughs, decorated with flowers, gay streamers and a flag, and carried by a man inside. Each of these structures was followed by a band of sweeps who assumed certain characters, the fashion of which had been handed down from the palmy times of May-day.

There were always a lord and lady who wore ridiculous imitations of fashionable dress, and made ludicrous attempts to imitate elegant manners. Mad Moll and her husband were another pair who flourished in tawdry, gay-colored rags and tatters, he brandishing a sweep's broom and she a ladle. Jim Crow and a fancifully bedizened ballet-dancer in white muslin often swelled the ranks, and the rest of the party rigged out in a profusion of gilt paper, flowers, tinsel and gewgaws, their faces and legs covered with brick-dust, made up a comical crowd. But even these mild remains of the great festival are almost entirely banished to the rural districts, and are almost extinct there.—*St. Nicholas.*

The "Lie Dolla."

An American photographer at Shanghai employed for some time as assistant a Cantonese named Sing Kwa, who concluded that he was master of the tricks of the trade, and accordingly started business on his own account. He had been instructed to use Mexican dollars in preparing a nitrate of silver, but, to his great astonishment, his attempts were unsatisfactory in every instance. Returning to his employer, he related his experience:

"Hi yah! Befo'e time mi helpee you that pidgin, any time hab got numba one plopua that dolla chemical pidgin. Jus' now no can! Plenty time mi do allah same you show mi. Jus' now that medicine b'long largee diffelent! Mi no can sabee how fashion. Mi losum plenty chancee. Mi that dolla hab spilum. Jus' now mi largee chin-chin you pay mi sabee how fashion. No can do."

(Formerly, when I helped you in preparing the chemicals, all was right. Now all is wrong. Repeatedly I have done just as you have shown me, and the mixture is very different. I do not know why. I have been at great expense. My dollars are all consumed. Now I entreat you to explain to me what is wrong.)

His late employer, feeling sure that he must have made some blunder, directed Sing Kwa to try the experiment in his presence, in order that he might detect the mistake; but what was his surprise to find the result something very strongly resembling nitrate of copper, instead of nitrate of silver. Sing Kwa was told that he must have been cheated by some one who had given him bad dollars, which he had used in preparing his chemicals. The prompt reply was:

"What thing! You thinkee mi b'long fools! Thinkee mi no sabee that b'long lie dolla? S'pose mi takee number one dolla, hab got too muchee largee spensee, —no got plenty plofit. How mi can do so fashion pidgin?"

(What! do you think I am a fool? Do you think I do not know that it is a bad dollar? Suppose I use good dollars, the expense is much too large; the profit is much too small. How can I do business after that fashion?)—*Scribner.*

A Celestial Fairy Tale.

That snakes contain in their heads certain precious stones is an old belief common to most branches of the human family. A story in a Chinese book of anecdotes relates how a foreigner passing a pork-butcher's shop asks the master what he will take for the bench on which the pork is exposed. The answer, given in fun, is "fifty taels." The foreigner offers to pay the money. This convinces the butcher that there must be something valuable in the bench, so he declines to sell it, and carefully puts it by. The foreigner leaves the place and returns after a year's absence. Seeing the butcher, he asks after the bench, and in answer to a very natural inquiry why he deems it so valuable, informs him that lodged in a cavity within it is a snake, holding in its mouth a precious gem. He further adds that the snake lives on the blood that soaks through the wood from the raw meat exposed on it, and that when this supply is cut off the snake will die and the gem become worthless. Cursing his own stupidity, the butcher seizes a hatchet and splits the bench open, finding the snake dead, while the jewel it undoubtedly holds in its mouth is of the same color as the eye of a dried fish.

Opposed to Swearing.

Among the many anecdotes told of George W. Blunt, the New York pilot commissioner, is one in connection with his reproval of the vice of swearing in the office of the pilot commissioners. At one time it was common to hear oath upon oath in the outer office, where were gathered a number of rough pilots and seafaring men. Mr. Blunt, although not free from the habit, believed that its over-indulgence was anything but respectable, and thought that he could stop the abuse and at the same time make it beneficial. He therefore placed in the outer office, against one of the windows, a tin box, and as he did so he said: "Now this is for swearers. Every one who swears in this office must put ten cents in the box, and if I am caught swearing, I will pay twenty." This rule was enforced on all occasions, and one day a gentleman of respectability came into the office, and almost without knowing it he began to utter oaths. Commissioner Blunt stepp d from his private room, and said that he would have to put ten cents into the box. "What for?" said the gentleman. "For swearing," answered Blunt. "What is done with the money thus collected?" asked the gentleman. "It is divided between the 'Pilots' Charitable Fund' and the 'New York and Sandy Hook Pilots' Benevolent Association' for the benefit of the widows and orphans." The gentleman reflected a moment, and taking a $5 bill out of his pocketbook, put it in the box with a smile, and said: "I will take that out in swearing some other time."

On another occasion a preminent yacht owner entered Mr. Blunt's office, and while conversing with him let drop an oath, which was immediately caught by Mr. Blunt with a demand for ten cents. An explanation followed, similiar to the one given above, when the yacht owner retired, apparently very indignant at the rigid rules thus enforced; but without paying the fine. Mr. Blunt was not at all pleased with what he thought to be the meanness as well as the viciousness of the yacht owner; but next morning he was surprised at receiving a check for $1,000 as a "swearer's contribution" to the two funds mentioned, to be equally divided between them.

During the war of 1812, the water of the East river came up Burling slip some distance, and George W. Blunt, who was then a boy, would with others go down to see the vessels in the slip. These were two armed vessels, called the United We Stand, and the Divided We Fall. Blunt often told the tale that when these vessels went out and returned without prizes, he with other boys would go out to the slip and shout:

United we stand; divided we fall—
Been out thirty days, and got nothing at all.

It is needless to say Blunt and the other boys kept out of the reach of the captains of both craft, and the appearance of the latter was enough for a general skedaddle.

A Queer Somnambulist.

At midnight, recently, a young man with pale face and open eyes walked into the Fifth street police station in New York and stepping up to Sergeant Hagerty, announced: "I've come to surrender myself. I've killed my girl, and I want to give myself up."

"Who is your girl?" asked the sergeant.

"Eliza Gleason of 516 East Fourteenth, and I cut her throat," answered the young man.

"How did you cut her throat?"

"I got her head through a pane of glass and then cut it from ear to ear," replied the youth. The sergeant despatched detective Vissart to the young woman's house, and there Vissart confronted her. She was the picture of life, and she laughed at him heartily, thinking he had been fooled. Just as the officer went from the police station, however, the young man turned to go also, but Sergeant Hagerty told him he was a prisoner. No notice was paid to this suggestion. The young man started on. Sergeant Hagerty jumped over the railing and put his hand on the youth's shoulder. On being touched he jumped, startled, and glaring about him asked him where he was. It was plain then to the sergeant that the young man was a somnambulist, and had just been awakened. He was conducted to the waiting room. The detective returned in a towering rage at what he considered his fooling. He was soon followed by Mr. Gleason, who explained that the young man was given to walking in his sleep. He emphatically combated Sergeant Hagerty's suggestion that the young man may have been drinking by asserting he did not drink. His name was Peter Coby, and his age was eighteen. He is employed by and lives with Mr. Gleason. He was taken the next day before Justice Flammer at Essex Market police court. The Justice took considerable interest in him, having been a somnambulist himself. Numbers of young Coby's friends testified that he was in the habit of going about in this semi-conscious state and accusing himself of all manner of crimes. He was taken away by his friends.

Singular Phenomenon.

There was once found, says the Inyo (Cal.) *Independent*, a pair of field glasses in the desert near what is known as Death Valley. The glasses are supposed to have belonged to Hahn, a lost guide of Wheeler's expedition. They were brought into one of the interior towns by an Indian, and purchased from him. The most singular fact connected with them is that every object within range of where the glasses had been lying for a year or more is distinctly photographed upon them. We have heard of such phenomena before, but this is one of the most remarkable instances we remember. Both object glasses are covered with perfect and beautiful photographs or etchings of desert shrubs, stems, branches, leaf-stalks. Leaves and leaflets are distinctly marked, as if laid on by a master hand. There is no mixture or confusion of one plant with another, each having a clear border of unmarked glass, rendering it probable that the sun or lightning photograph, or whatever it may be, was received through the eye-glass. These pictures seem to occupy a position about in the center of each of the object-glasses, but a little nearer the plane than the convex side.

Immigration from Germany.

A report just presented to the German Reichstag gives some particulars of the number and destination of the persons who immigrated last year. The total number of persons who left the German ports of Bremen and Hamburg in 1877 amounted to 41,759, being considerably less than in 1876, when 50,577 persons immigrated from the same ports. Of those who left Hamburg 12,643 were destined for New York, 274 for the West Indies, 2,920 for Brazil and the River Plate, 1,295 for the Cape of Good Hope, thirty-eight for Chili, and 1,405 for Australia. Of the total number sailing from Bremen 13,357 went to New York, 3,180 to Baltimore, 858 to New Orleans and Havana, 1,613 to Brazil, and 781 to the river Plate. Of the whole number, however, who thus sailed from the German ports, 21,618, or about one-half, were foreigners, 5,005 coming from Russia, 4,633 from Austria, 1,219 from Denmark, and 8,378 from Sweden, Norway and other countries.

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs, and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold; tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herbs and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportions of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

William Orton, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, died unexpectedly of apoplexy in New York on the 22d. He attended church on the 21st, and appeared to be in unusually good health up to the time of the attack at 11 p. m., which ended in death the next morning. Mr. Orton was born in Cuba, N. Y., June 14, 1826, graduated at the State Normal School in Albany, and was at various times a printer, school teacher and bookseller. In 1862 he was appointed internal revenue inspector for the sixth New York district, and in 1865 he was made internal revenue commissioner at Washington. Soon after he retired from the government service to become president of the United States Telegraph Company, which was merged in the Western Union line in 1866. In the following year Mr. Orton was elected president of the Western Union Company and held that position at the time of his death. He was considered an unusually efficient officer. He leaves a wife and eight children.

The Erie railroad was sold at public auction in New York and was bought for $6,000,000 by E. D. Morgan and two others, acting as trustees for the reconstruction committee of bondholders.

Another savings bank crash in New York. The Teutonia Savings Bank has been enjoined from doing further business, a deficit of $148,404.63 having been discovered. The loss is due to poor investments.

The recent suspensions of the Sixpenny and Seventh Ward banks in New York has led to a heavy run on two other institutions on the east side of the city.

President Hayes, accompanied by prominent Washington officials, visited some of the leading industrial establishments of Philadelphia, and in the evening held a public reception at Independence Hall.

Western and Southern States.

At Seale, Ala., Colonel W. L. Salesbury, bank president, mayor *pro tempore* and owner of the *Enquirer-Sun*, of Columbus, Ga., was fatally shot in the back while entering a train, by Dr. R. M. Palmer, who had just been awarded one cent in a libel suit for damages to character by publications in Colonel Salesbury's paper.